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ONE DUST.

BY ALICE CARY.

Thus, under Salem's three crested—
Shall Heaven its first root bestow?
I know not, but I know a seed
That might have fallen in darkly low.

I utter this text, what depths of it
Below, thy feet have found, or true—
I know a spirit and a will
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shall these with fuller labours stand,
Who hardly must have pressed one rise?
I know not, but I know a hand
With an infirmity, like thine.

Shall these who hast with endless part,
Ere wear the crown the elevation wears?
I know not, but I know a heart
As fleshy, but for tears and prayers.

Here sweep, O thou Crucified!
For even while I name thy name,
I know a tongue that might have fled
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fight—poet, organ,
Of the Lord's battle—who fall—
Of one blood and the selfsame soil—
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY STEPHEN CORD, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

TORIES AT A DISCOUNT.

If Louis Griswold had ever felt such a thing as compunction, if he had ever felt such a thing as respect for the character of woman, he felt nothing of it now. He was mad and raving, as he swore that he would shoot the widow and her daughter if they did not submit.

"Johanna Burns," he said, stamping his foot, and at the same time pointing his hand toward the door, "if you will learn us now, you may go in safety; but if you say, you do so upon your peril. Those muskets are foolishly loaded, and they shall be discharged if you do not obey me. Will you go?"

"I shall remain with my child," was the widow's answer.

"Then, by the powers above me, you remain to your own death."

"Rock!" cried Maggie, "I have a bullet here for one more life. We can die, but we submit ourselves to the utmost extremity."

For a moment the Tory leader was undecided. The women were in one corner of the room, and he and his men were in the other. He saw that Maggie's rifle was truly aimed, and he had seen enough of her character within the last few minutes to know that she would fire if any decisive movement were made towards her. But presently a new thought occurred to him. The fire upon the hearth had burned down so low that the coals and cinders were covered with ashes, and the flame had wholly expired. There were some brands left upon the dogs, and upon the chimney-back, but they only sent forth a dull smoke from their cloaked and burdened bed. With a quick movement Griswold stepped to the table and extinguished the candle, and then gave the order for his men to reach forward.

It was so dark in that room, after the candle had been extinguished, that objects could not possibly be discerned from one side to the other; and under cover of this glorious Inch Griswold, when he had given the order to his men, hoped forward towards the spot where he had seen Maggie standing. As the soldiers heard the rattling coming she discharged the rifle, and then threw it down; but she had not discharged it with any effect, for the act had been an involuntary one, and the ball entered the ceiling above the Tories' heads.

At that moment, just as the rifle had been thrown down, and the men had started forward, the smoking brands which had lain upon the chimney-back, fell down into the hearth, and a bright flame shot up from the brands, sending forth over the room a glare almost like the light of day.

"Ain't" cried Louis Griswold, as the form of the shrinking maiden was revealed to him, "now the first scene is over, and we'll soon have the curtain down.——Take that old woman out, my men. Drag her forth! Carry her to the barn, and bar there!"

In obedience to these commands the heirless ruffians seized the helpless widow. They were in just fitted for such work—just brave enough for making war upon women and children; and they had held upon that old woman most unwilling hands. They had set their muskets against the wall, all but two, and with these they might have succeeded in disposing of their charge. In the meantime Griswold seized upon Maggie, and caught her by the arm.

"You are mine now," he said, grasping her sensitive flesh till she shrank with pain. "It has cost something, but the prize will be all the more valuable for that."

"Mercy! Help! Help!"

"O—you needn't cry out in that fashion."

"Help! I shall."

"Stop your mouth, or I'll stop it for you! If you have any more, you'll get it from me, for once—you won't gain anything by further resistance. You must go with me.——Want now?"

This last remark was addressed to his companions, who had stopped by the door, and were returning back into the room. But he had no need to repeat the question, for at that moment, and while yet the words were trembling upon his lips, a new comer entered upon the scene.

"In heaven's name, what is this?"

"Roderic!—O, help me! Save me!"

The sounds upon the hearth were still in flames, and Roderic Glengyle, who had sprung into the cot with a leap like a tiger's, saw in a moment the situation of affairs. He saw the four base ruffians hurling down the widow's form; and he saw Louis Griswold with his unhallowed grasp upon the person of Maggie Burns. He had his sword in his hand, but he did not rest in that position a moment.

Like a thunderbolt from a smoothly, but deeply heavy pommel upon the ruffian's head with a blow that almost crushed his skull, and sent his body to the floor like the carcass of a felled ox.

Had the four brethren turned and fled, or had they remained passive, they might have fared better; but the fools, when they saw their leader fall, sprang for their muskets, as though they would shoot this new enemy upon the spot.

Roderic thought he was but in a condition to parley, nor did the circumstances of the occasion admit of anything—so he leaped upon his Tory account to him, and cut him down. Upon this the others turned, two of them having obtained their muskets; but before they could raise their weapons they were upon by a man who could not fell at such a time. And, under any circumstances, in a hand-to-hand encounter, those four Tories would have been but as so many little children before his lion-like strength and dauntless bearing of Roderic Glengyle. The two who had obtained their muskets he cut down very quickly, and the other fled towards the door. Our hero's first impulse, under the heat of the moment, was to follow the retreating man, and level him also; but he restrained himself, and the fellow fled with his life.

As Roderic turned from this work he found Louis Griswold just staggering to his feet; and again the impulse was upon him to strike one more blow; but, as before, he subdued his hand, and suffered the Tory captain to get up.

"By my soul," he said, with his sword still firmly clutched, as though the whole arm were looking for the giving of the blow, "I know not whether I ought to spare you."

Griswold was desperate, and quickly realised that his only hope for the present was in the mercy of the Rebels; and, with some enough for self-protection, he covered before the youth, and begged for his life.

"I have played for a rich prize," he said, "and I have lost. Let me go, and I will give up best."

The noble youth which had tempted Roderic to strike the dastard down now led him to spare him from death.

"Out you go!" he cried, in tones of bitterest loathing and hatred. "Take home your foul presence, and beware that you never cross my path again. I won't kill you now, for there has been blood enough spilled already; but dare to come near my young sister, and I'll take your life as I would a dog's."—Aye—and I'll protect her and this dwelling again with your unhallowed foot, and you shall be the last one for you this side of your grave! Now go!—go!—I cannot hold my hand longer!"

Without a word Louis Griswold turned from the room, but when he had reached the entry a bitter curse dropped from his lips; and, ere he stepped from the threshold, his scattered host had increased to something more than cursing.

However, Roderic did not then give much thought to the departing Tory, for there was something of nearer and dearer concern. The widow and her daughter had blessed him for the deed which he had done, and he was free from excitement, had sunk down to rest. As they were, poor souls, they, in simply so assured himself that they were neither of them injured, after which he closed the door and bolted it, and then replenished the fire, and relighted the candle. By this time Maggie was able to converse freely, and the youth took a seat by her side, when she gave him a detailed account of all that had transpired. As she told her story he regarded her with the admiration almost of worship; and when she had concluded he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Brave, noble girl," he cried, "how worthy art thou to be a daughter of Liberty! O, with such spirits in the bosoms of our maidens, how shall America be ever enslaved!"

"Roderic, is this true?"

"True!" repeated the youth, rising upon her impulsively. "How can it be otherwise?"

"Nay, I mean not that," she replied, with a low laugh soon to shudder, and become pale; "but you speak as though the deed was not approvable though the cause is."

"Ah, I understand you now," returned Roderic, with a smile. "You wonder if I dare to arrow myself an enemy to my maid?"

"Is—would you say laughter?"

"You shall see, Maggie, whether I am true to you. You are the only one who has ever met a Tory foe this night. But see I tell you my story we will retrieve these dead bodies. Are you strong enough to hold the candle for me?"

"Aye," replied the maiden. "When such deeds surround me, I will not be weak."

Mrs. Burns had so far recovered her strength that she was able to assist in the work; and after a short consultation it was arranged that the dead bodies should be taken into the cellar-room, there to remain until some farther arrangement could be made. It was a strange work for that secluded cot, and but little was said while the corses were being removed. Roderic bid them in a row upon the floor of the cellar-room, and having covered them with sheets also helped Maggie and her mother wipe up the blood-spots in the sitting-room.

"O, my soul!" murmured the widow, as she sank into a chair after the work was done, "this is terrible!"

"Yes," cried Maggie, with vehemence, "it is terrible. It is terrible that men should have such wicked hearts, and seek to do such wicked things. But, my mother, the death of those unholy men is not a terrible a wound as that which the fate to which they would have subjected your child. The death of ten thousand traitors—aye, of ten thousand times ten thousand—is not to be taken into the balance with the atonement of the American people! It is a fearful thing to take a human life; but that man who is an enemy to his country is not fit to live, and he who fears to strike down the traitor, assisting to her foot, and raising her hands above her head, "that man is the deep condemnation of his country's curse shall follow the traitor to his grave, and his country's condemnation of him who, with love for liberty, and a purpose of justice, fails in sweeping foul treason from his land!"

As Maggie Burns sank back into her chair, Roderic brought her to the hearth.

"Noble girl," he exclaimed, while his breast bosom swelled with the deep emotion that was upon him, "you have given me new life, and you are giving utterance to the thoughts and feelings which have been dwelling within me. Listen to me, Maggie, and you shall hear. You have spoken as though you thought it possible that this deed, which I have done here, might bring down the vengeance of the British upon you. Is this you fear without a cause. I have this day taken leave of him; and, in that he is an enemy of my country, he is an enemy to me, and I no longer call him friend. He has his privilege to arrest me, and I overcame them. My first battle has been fought, and henceforth my arm is my country's. My sword rests not, while I have life, until Freedom's flag waves unchallenged upon our soil?"

Maggie's turn now to be enraptured; and as she clung to Roderic, and gazed up into his face with a look which told the deep emotion between himself and his uncle; and also gave an account of his meeting with the Tory Scotsman, and his men. When he had concluded, she expressed a blessing, and then rested her head upon his bosom.

It may have been a strange time for such a thought; but Roderic Glengyle was hardly responsible at that moment. The thought was in his soul, and, as the maiden's head rested upon his bosom, and he wound his stout arms about her, he could no more help giving it utterance than he could have stopped the pulsations of his own heart.

"Maggie! Maggie!" he said, in eager, trembling tones, "O, may it not be ever thus? May

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he bend, and hand in hand? Mine, mine—O, Maggie—mine! I will love you; cherish you; defend you with my life! Give me the blessed assurance to take me through the path which leads over the valley of gloom to the light of love!"

The maiden raised her eyes, brimming with tears, and received his kiss upon her lips. Then she said, in a low, soft tone:

"Roderic Glengyle gives himself to his country; and Maggie Burns will not refuse him the love he craves. I am yours, Roderic; and the thought makes me proud and happy."

They turned to the widow; and she, reading their wishes in their looks, arose to her feet, and advanced toward them. She placed her trembling hands upon their heads, and blessed them, and then murmured a fervent prayer to Heaven.

Roderic held the fair prize a few moments more in his bosom; and then, dashing the tears from his eyes, he gave his thoughts to other needs.

"From this time, sweet Maggie," he said, taking her hand as he spoke, "our hearts are one, and our lives run together. On all the earth my affection knows no other object; and, were my country, my first duty is henceforth to face. So let us rest our hearts in love, and cherish the fair ties this night away.

"And now, Maggie, we must think of other things. You cannot, for the present at least, remain here."

"It will be hard for my mother and me to leave our quiet home," replied the maiden, sadly.

"Aye," added the widow, "it will truly be hard; but I think it will be best. I have been thinking of that very thing for some time. I see that Louis Griswold—and I know the character of the Tories who infest these parts. After what has this night happened we must be marked persons; and, if we remain here, the enemy will be down upon us before long. Our only chance is to leave."

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"You are right," added Roderic. "Griswold was a full company organized, and he may return here at any moment. I do not think he will return to-night; and yet he may. Upon that point I am not sure that I did right in sparing him."

"I wonder I feel that way, Roderic," said Maggie. "Perhaps you have done best."

"I am certain," responded the youth, quickly, "I did the best I could. It would have been cold-blooded to kill the coward after he had ceased all opposition. I had not the heart to do it."

"Of course you had not," said the maiden.

"And yet," pursued the youth, with a shade of the head, "there are times, in seasons like these, when human needs almost to forget that he has a heart. However, Louis Griswold is free, and we must calculate accordingly. I think there can be no danger in our remaining here to-night; but with the coming of the morrow we must be off. We will go direct to Newtown, for I must see General Washington."

"There is but one trouble," said the widow, "I may be thought a slight one, and yet it is somewhat heavy upon me. Our horse we can take with us; but the other animals—what shall become of them? They are old pets of mine. They work for my coming in the morning, at noon, and at night; and I should never rest easy if I felt that they were uncared for and starving."

"I guess there will be no trouble about that," replied Roderic. "We can easily find some one who will come up here and take care of them."

"Hark!"

There were footsteps approaching the house; and presently there came a rap upon the door.

"Fear not," said Roderic. "I do not think it is an enemy." And then speaking to take the candle, and having drawn and cocked one of his pistols, he went to answer the summons.

CHAPTER V.

RECUSA.

As Roderic opened the outer door, the cold blast swept upon him, and as the pistol in his right hand prevented him from guarding his light, it was extinguished; but not, however, until he had seen that two persons were upon the broad stone—one a male, and the other a female.

"Who comes here?" he demanded. He spoke coldly, and his hand remained firm as before, as he felt an impression that they were not enemies.

"Dr Lord bress me! keep ye, man! The poor ole Scipio; an' the yer's ole Hecuba wid me. We's mos' tired; an' Ole Hecuba she would nigh done gone."

"What is it?" cried the widow, coming to the door. "Is that old Scipio?"

"Yes, missus—I am; me for sarvin; an' dis yer's ole Hecuba wid me."

"I know them, Roderic. Let them come in."

"It needed not your order, mother," returned our hero, as he moved back from the door. "The man's voice would have been passport enough for me."

As he spoke he went back into the sitting-room, and relighted the candle, while the hostess ushered in the new-comers, and gave them seats near the fire. They were cold, and tired, and hungry; and while Maggie and her mother were preparing for their nourishment and comfort, the youth regarded them with a curious gaze.

Roderic had heard of these people often; and though they had on many times in their reflection, yet this was the first time he had ever seen them. Old Hecuba, the woman, was the object of chief interest. Through the Jerseys, and that part of Pennsylvania, her name was a household word, and nearly every one upon the highways knew her. Her age it would be difficult to determine. Some said she was very old, while others were confident that she was not over sixty.

At all events, she had passed the meridian of life, in the storms and heavy winds of the two-apple tales. In stature she was below the medium height; somewhat bent in the form—not possessing a symmetry of form which had not yet been overcome. Her face and neck once have been strikingly handsome, for even now, with all the wrinkles, and sallowness, and its wan attenuation, the features were of a perfect mould, and the outline of harmony far from being destroyed. But this was apparent only to the close observer. He who simply glanced at her as she passed would see a huge, shapeless mass of flesh, with a head, and arms, and very thinness for down over her shoulders, even though widely separated from the body in question. Her dark was quaint and wild—skirt of many colours; jagged of shirt, red wool; a blanket, worn like a cloak, perched and patched; while upon her head she wore a close-fitting cap, of thick network, very much like the so-called Scotch-cap which sailors wear. In her hand she bore a long staff, with a crook upon the upper end; and in her side she carried a heavy knife, the sheath of which was upon a broad strap.

And such was Hecuba. Where she belonged, or whence she came, no one knew. Her own account was vague and deceitful, as we have said; and no one who spoke with her could place any faith in her words. She was known as the half wandered up and down the land, seeking her living from door to door—a poor, miserable pauper. In disposition she was as harmless as a dove, even when her vertigo were upon her.

The only companion she had ever been known to have was the old negro who accompanied her. He was older than she, and watched over her with tender, anxious care. He did not always go with her in her journies, in the warmth and fair of the year, he went away to sea, and left her to wander alone; but when the cold of autumn came, and the feasts and snow were at hand, he returned to his charge, and remained with her poor weather through the dangerous season.

Scipio was a faithful fellow, and he was about as well known in the country as was the mountain-peak itself. His hair was at least thoroughly tall, stout, and gaunt in frame; black as black could be, and more than usually gray.

Roderic Glengyle was particularly interested in the appearance of Hecuba and Scipio when she fled which the kind widow had provided. He watched her closely, as she partook of the broth her will exterior, and had already detected those marks of human beauty which the touch of time and trouble had not effaced. He was struck with interest, in the midst of extreme coarse

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the earth; and my children are dead—all, all form me to wander up and down the earth. It was not my fault that I lost Paris. Good Seipio, is the Winter almost passed?"

"Not yet, Hector. It'll be cold a good long time yet; but neither Brat. We'll find warm places for true."

"No more rest for me. I am going! The angry gods cannot keep me here much longer." And as she thus spoke, she pressed her hands upon her brow, and swayed her body to and fro through in pain.

"Ah," whispered Seipio, turning to the widow, "you see master to him, " she can't stand it much longer. I can see dat she be growin' weak as' fallin. She don't walk as she used to. I'm very much fear'd she's gwine to gib up 'fore long!"

Mrs. Burns had noticed that the poor woman seemed more worn and weary than usual, and she proposed that she should retire at once.

"Good Hershe," the hostess said, speaking with tender endbuoy, "will you not go to bed? It will do you good to rest."

"I will," the sufferer replied, arising at once from her chair. She was upon the point of leaving towards the window, when she stopped, and upon Roderic, and she stopped. She gazed upon him a little while, and then went to his side, and laid her hand upon his head.

"Fair sir," she said, in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, "you look like Hector. Hector was my son, and the bravest of all the Trojan youths. I loved Hector, for he was my most beautiful child. And yet he disobeyed me in the end. I urged him not to meet Achilles; but he would not listen. And then I mourned for Hector. No, no,—for I saw the cruel Greek drag his bruised and bleeding body over the city stones. You are not Hector; but—my soul! how wonderously like unto him!"

It was but the raving of a maniac, and yet how powerful was it upon the youth. He trembled violently, and his heart beat painfully. There was something in the face of Our weary ward woman—something to the beau of her eye; in the soft, strange light of her countenance; and in the plaintive tones of her voice, that awoke a tumult in his soul. It did not seem as if he, for the turned away as soon as she had spoken, and followed Mrs. Burns from the room. Maggie saw how strangely he was affected by it, and she moved to his side, and took his hand.

"O, Roderic, it must have been a very beautiful glorious intellect that sank into darkness when that poor woman lost her reason. She has talked somewhat strangely to you; but if you could hear her when the fit of laughing came over her, you would be wrapped in wonder. I like her. There is something in her face that pleases me. Is it not so with you?"

"Dear Maggie," replied the youth, "I cannot tell you how she has moved me. There is something wonderful in the power by which she has so deeply wrought upon my feelings. But who is she? What is her story?"

"I can tell you nothing which you have not already heard," returned Maggie, with a shake of the head. "The story which she tells of herself is told to you in broken, and it is always just so wild and fanciful."

At this juncture Mrs. Burns returned; and as she resumed her seat, she remarked that poor Hershe was much weaker than she had ever seen her before.

"Yes," added Seipio, with much feeling, "she am very low. I reckon she won't be long. She don't eat now-a-dill other git away from here. If you would take her up, let her lub a little' here, she thinks it growing warm, an' such money we pay you."

"Hold, a moment," said Roderic. "I have a thought. There two people would be more than enough here. Should the Tories come again, they would rush on us. May it not be best for me also to remain, and take charge of the premises?"

The note indeed a question, and, after a little deliberation, it struck the hostess favorably. Was while thing was explained to Seipio, and after he had asked all the questions bearing upon the subject which could suggest themselves to his mind, he concluded that there could be no more danger to him and Hershe if he were to than anywhere else in the country; and he finally agreed that he would stay.

"Every thing here," said Mrs. Burns, is at your service; and you will find plenty to eat and drink. You will take charge of the premises?" she then invited a question, and, after a little deliberation, it struck the hostess favorably. Was while thing was explained to Seipio, and after he had asked all the questions bearing upon the subject which could suggest themselves to his mind, he concluded that there could be no more danger to him and Hershe if he were to than anywhere else in the country; and he finally agreed that he would stay.

"Which," added Roderic, "I hope will not be a great while."

"I'll stay," said Seipio; "an' I'll see to de oxen an' de sheep jes' as though dey was mine. But, you see, I'm very much alone here, an' I must put dem dar dood folks out ob do way. Can't be very 'um?"

"We will," replied Roderic. "We'll bury them in the mud, so that their friends shall find them if they wish."

In accordance with this idea our hero lighted the lantern, and then he and Seipio went out into the dark night. The old negro had come too much of the world to be startled by the sight of a few dead men; and he went at his work as though it were nothing unusual. The oxen were hunted out to a small knoll, by the margin of the little stream, where a grave was dug. It was but a slight work to break through the frost; and after that the sand was thrown out easily. The dead bodies were then buried, and then the men returned to the cot, where Seipio spent half an hour or more in scouring away the blood-marks from the floor.

A watch was kept through the night, and before the day had fairly broken there was those in more ready to set forth. The oxen were yoked as the door; and old Seipio had received his instructions touching the care of the animals in the hero. Hershe had not yet arisen, and Mrs. Burns thought it best not to disturb her. She was sleeping soundly, and was probably in no mood. And, moreover, she might not comprehend what was going on, even should she be called to take leave of her departing friends.

"You have no fears?" said Roderic.

"Jesus yer soul, no," was the negro's prompt answer. "Every body is dood to me 'cept Kernel ole Seipio, an' dey knows Hercules, too, an' in dem day wouldn't do an harm to him, no more no fears on our 'count, man'. We'll well enough."

"If the Tories come," pursued our hero, "you can tell them just such a story as you please."

"Lor, no stone for dat. It 'pears to me, though, dat I'se gwine to tell pooty nigh de truf. I don't see why not."

"Nor can I," added Mrs. Burns.

"Yes," said Roderic, "the truth will serve you as well as anything."

"It's all right," responded Seipio, coming down to hold the horse, while Roderic assisted Mrs. Burns to the saddle. "Leave dis ole chap to himself. He'll look out for breakers. Dats it, massa. Now for Miss Maggie. Dar—dat's it. Now you all ready. Don't be alarmed wid de oxen, or de sheep, or anything on dat sort."

The mother and daughter were safely seated upon the horse's back, and having bidden the old negro goodbye, they started off, Roderic walking by their side with his rifle upon his shoulder. Mrs. Burns had left her rifle for Seipio, but Maggie had taken her father's pistols with her. They and served her once, and they might serve her again.

At the distance of half a mile from the cot, a broad, well-trodden path turned off from the main road to the east, and this our party followed. It led through a narrow strip of woodland by the old ox cross bridge, and entered on the road beyond. At this point the travelers turned upon the poor woman they had left behind. Roderic could not keep his thoughts from her.

"I do not know how it is," he said, "and that woman has awakened a sympathy in my bosom which I can not explain myself."

"It is because of your warm, generous heart," returned Maggie. "Her very helplessness calls for her, and you cannot shut it out."

"Ah, Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, I have met people under misfortunes before, and though I have sympathized with them, yet I have never felt towards them as I feel towards this poor, broken-minded woman. I do not, I repeat it, I am satisfied that here is a strange history, I know, from her handling of classical lore, that she is a woman of education, and that she must be in her countenance the light of a soul that has been deeply versed in books."

Both Maggie and her mother agreed with him, but they could not see how the mystery in the life-story would ever be known.

"Perhaps," said Roderic—"perhaps not. And yet more remarkable things than this have happened."

After this the conversation turned upon other things, and the sad trouble in Roderic's own breast, the party reached the little village of Norristown, where they found quarters with an honest old blacksmith, named Moses Allen, whose wife had been dead and Mrs. Burns was well acquainted. The stout artisan took them in, and they found him to be one of the best of story—how they had met and killed a number of Tories, and how they had fled from the field, feared them that his roof should shelter them as long as they remained in the village. Roderic was not behind her husband in the warmth of her welcome. They were both patriots of the most devoted kind.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR HERO'S COMMAND.

Roderic Gleagyle was anxious to see General Washington, for two reasons. First, he wished to join the army, and, second, he had a great desire to see the Commander-in-Chief of the American patriot. Moses Allen told him that he had heard Washington speak, and the youth was at once announced by having something of importance to communicate. "I have, my good sir, with business, he'll be sure to admit you," said the old smith, "and I'll go with you, and see that he will as some other time."

The next day Roderic went to the house which Washington occupied, and gave his name to the sentinel at the door, and stated that he had important intelligence to communicate to the commander-in-chief. The sentinel went away, and in a little while came back, and directed the visitor to enter the house. Our hero told him that it was concerning him the commander-in-chief would never just as well in an hour from then, but Roderic said that it would, and he went away. At the expiration of the hour he came again, and was shown into a large room, being the parlor chieftain's presence.

Washington was standing near the fireplace, talking with a few officers in the apartment, but the youth had no difficulty in selecting the man he had come to see. The air of calm, conscious dignity—the quick, keen eye—the high brow—the full and expressive eye; and above all, the look of command which rested upon every one of the handsome face, were indications not to be mistaken. Roderic felt himself in the presence of a great man, and suffered himself to be addressed by the officer before.

"This is Roderic Gleagyle," said Washington, as the youth made his bow.

"You belong in this section?"

"I do, sir. I have come from home with my uncle, at Waldwick."

"Ah, John Gleagyle?"

"Yes, sir."

The general cast a quiet, searching glance into the youth's face, and then reached over upon the table, and took therefrom a package of papers, which he threw on from the top, and then rolled, and opened it. He read a few moments, and then turning to his visitor, he remarked:

"I think this oracle of yours is no friend to the British cause."

"No, sir," replied Roderic promptly. "He is a Tory to the very heart's core, and I do not think you will not suffer the sentiment of my relationship to influence you. I have left my home, and my uncle is no enemy to me, and henceforth I must be a foe to him. My interest in these turning against my own kin, I believe that you will not question my motives, and therefore will give me single absolution."

Washington looked pleased with the youth's speech, and also with his bearing; for there was nothing in his manner that was forced, and then introduced him to the two officers who had been with him. These were General Greene and Mercer. Nathaniel Greene and Hugh Mercer were the two bravest and most skilful with new emotion as he greeted these brave men. He had never seen them before, but the story of their glorious deeds—and, as he now knew, their sufferings—had been familiar to him since he first learned the inspiration of Liberty. This was the first opportunity he had had to see the two officers who held the highest rank in the army, and he looked upon them with eager desire. It was arranged that Roderic should go to the general's room, and then introduced him to the two officers who had been with him. Greene and Mercer shook hands with the youth's speech, and also with his bearing; for there was nothing to be seen in him that was forced, and then introduced him to the two officers who had been with him. Greene and Mercer. Nathaniel Greene and Hugh Mercer were the two bravest and most skilful with new emotion as he greeted these brave men. He had never seen them before, but the story of their glorious deeds—and, as he now knew, their sufferings—had been familiar to him since he first learned the inspiration of Liberty. This was the first opportunity he had had to see the two officers who held the highest rank in the army, and he looked upon them with eager desire. It was arranged that Roderic should go to the general's room, and then introduced

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge—to act—to view;
For all things have more double worth,
A right and wrong—to false and true.

Give me the heart where kindness seeks
To make that secret which severely mind—
Where every lip in kindness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all!

Whose treasure lies in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense,—
Whose friendship hath no thought of change,
Nor view dwells give offence!

Who is a neighbor's faithful friend
No selfish impulse—to complain,—
Who feel experience fills—to wind
To carry sore sadness's pain!

Who dreads not of the reaching tide
Accusation failed embarrassment—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor fallen Power, that dooms the slavish!

Though Fate deny its glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
Are gazed—it is no use to lose!

Some beings, wherever they go,
Find enough to plume—or to exult;
Their constant study let to show
Perpetual modes of feeling fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants, and daily toil,
Can yet still flowers from common ground,
And honey sweet the joy they glean!

Oh, happy they who happy make!—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!—
Who seem to live for others' sake,
And suffer—at all times—for the best!

A MILLIONAIRE'S REVENGE.

"To a Stout Heart nought is Impossible."

CHAPTER I.

After the fatal battle of Agincourt, the English monarch remained in undisturbed sway in France, which, instead of being united in order to oppose the common enemy, was the spoil for which the two factions of the Bourguignons and Armagnacs were contending, giving rise to constant revolts, massacres and general anarchy. In the latter years of the year 1418, the Burgundians, one of the unfortunate and imbecile Charles, VI., with the queen Isabeau of Bavaria, were completely manipulated by his chief partisans, to consider, accepted, leaving profound hatred the Armagnacs—who, leaving profound hatred in the regent of his kingdom, were making use of the name for their own ambitious projects. They were in Bourges, situated in the province of Berri, on the slope of a hill watered by the Auron, from where it receives no less than five smaller streams. This visit of the Dauphin to Bourges was the date of our story.

In a narrow, dingy street of that ancient city, stood a small house, the lower part of which served as a shop, wherein might be seen a collection of bits of velvet and fine cloth of different wild animals. It was late in the morning. Inside the shop sat an old man, and a young girl, apparently twenty years of age. The former had his eyes fixed with a settled, gaze upon the face of the young man, who, his elbow resting upon the counter, and his hand supporting his head, had seemed wrapt in thought, and quite unconscious of the scrutiny of which he was the object. The features of the youth were handsome, and there was something noble and daring in their expression; yet the small, black, sparkling eyes, expressive of the soul, and softened by slight eyebrows, and a polished chin, denoted a large degree of cunning, and a tendency to the more bitter of sentiments, pretensions and refinement, for while the light, well-shaped forehead gave no air of singular intelligence to his countenance.

Jacques Cœur was the young man's name, in reply to a remark by the old man, said:

"Hold, father, you wrong me, my lady Isabeau. It is time that I should explain. You know how sadly the son de Monstrelet has treated me since the day on which I saved his daughter, three years since, from plunging into the Aurin, when the boat upset; that I was often allowed to accompany the hunting parties, and take a share in the sports and pastimes celebrated at holidays. The frequent opportunities I had of seeing the lady Isabeau, worked a thorough change in all my ideas and feelings; I soon discovered that when I felt for her we love. I tried to smother the rising passion; I reasoned with myself; but in spite of my best efforts, love got the better of my judgment, and wound itself around my heart in folds that became closer and closer every day. The lady was ever kind to me, but never gave the slightest evidence of a reciprocal feeling. This, and the naturally disdainful manners, checked my emotions when in her presence, but could not shake the keen edge that cut deep into my heart. Whether she ever remarked aught that might lead her to suspect the truth, I know not, but it was only yesterday that I ventured, perhaps unconsciously, to give her an indication of it. I thought she encouraged my first advances, which led me to assume my present favorable to her. At first she started, and drew herself up; I could guess what over her brow, and her color rose to her cheek. Her look daunted me; I became confused, and scarcely answered my questions, when, on a sudden, her expression changed; she smiled, and spoke a few words in a low, haughty, half jestingly, which inspired me with renewed courage. I had scarcely spoken a few words ere she moved away, saying, with a smile, 'Jacques, you many placed as you are would have made bold to speak as you have spoken to me; but I like you more best, and can only advise to despise the obstacles in his way. My father is proud, you know, and I, too, have my full way to me. Be of good cheer, and come to me to-morrow the same hour as now.' And now I am going. Ere many hours I will know whether fidelity is to be my lot in this world!"

"Jacques!"

On the arrival of Jacques Cœur, at the appointed hour, at the hotel or mansion in which the Sire de Monstrelet resided when at Bourges, he was surprised to find that the servants supposed to have been prepared for his visit, that they conducted him with all outward show of respect and ceremony to a large reception hall, where he was requested to await the coming of the noble master. This consisted on the part of the lackeys towards one of his mean station, filled Jacques with astonishment; he scarcely knew in what light to view it, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

In a few minutes two large doors at the upper end of the room were thrown open, and the lady Isabeau, in rich apparel, entered the apartment, giving her hand to a man about forty, of a noble and martial, though somewhat severe cast of features and gentleman, whilst, at the same time, a number of attendants made their appearance by another door at the lower end of the room, where they stationed themselves. Isabeau appeared to be about eighteen or twenty years of age, and possessed great beauty and symmetry of person; but her loveliness was marred by an unmistakable expression of pride and haughtiness.

Jacques was bewildered and confused at thus suddenly finding himself in such company, that he will soon lose his head, and his first impulse was to effect as rapid a retreat as might be; but when he saw the crowd of lackeys, through which he would have to pass, he remained where he was, wishing himself a thousand feet below ground.

"Whoever you may be, Monsieur Jacques Cœur," said the Sire de Monstrelet, for it was he, an who led Isabeau by the hand, "and in what can we be of service to our friend?"

This disconcerted Jacques beyond measure; he became agitated, stammered out a few inaudible words, and remained silent, feeling much as if a snake had taken him.

"Well, speak, my friend, and let his courage fail him, I must needs do so for him," said Isabeau, with a gracious smile of the most condescension. "Monsieur, my honored father has requested your presence here, and you must excuse him. And, first, let me ask you: Suppose a bourgeoisie were to ask the hand of the hand of one of your daughters or sisters, what would be your answer?"

"I'll make him swing by the neck from the highest tower of my castle!" cried the young and impetuous Sire George de la Trémoille, scion of one of the noblest houses of France.

"I'd make him swing a day on the pillory," said the more humane François de Montcorvier.

"Nay, I'd not entrust the fellow's life by my virtue," said the noble lady Jeanne de Vendôme.

"So, so, my noble friends, be not too harsh," said Isabeau, in the same tone as before, who thinks there is better way to deal with such a matter. Here stands Jacques Cœur, whose son and heir to the high and puissant Pierre Cœur, noble bourgeois and lord of Saint-Fargeau, Bourges, who, having deigned to cast his eye upon Isabeau de Monstrelet, now comes to ask her hand her hand in marriage—"

"The lady's speech has now very cut short by roars of laughter, interlarded with sundry sarcastic remarks from the nobles, and contempt from the menials.

Jacques Cœur stood with folded arms, and head erect, gazing upon those who were thus making merry at his expense; the glow of confusion and shame that overwhile sat upon his cheeks, and given place to indignation, which was in a perceptible degree throughout his frame; not the effect of fear, but of unutterable scorn and bitter rage. His proud spirit, and his fiery curled in sign of contempt and defiance.

"Young man," said the Sire de Monstrelet, perceiving the sinfulness of the bourgeois, which he had little expected, "you have presumed to aim at one to you hereafter. Others might have made benefit by your folly, but your regard for yourselves you once rendered me and my house, I am in your debt. Nevertheless, I would have you remember that were thus the owner of the most splendid palace in Bourges, and possessed of many manors—say, hostel thou wert a prisoner in our dungeons—instead of which we have laughingly English back to their own shores, thou couldst not always wear out the time in which thou hirdi; therefore never presume to aspire to the hand of one of my race, or even to look the weaver thou fare not something worse——"

"Enough, monsieur!" cried Jacques, in a voice of thunder. "You and your proud daughter have thought to humble me; but I look upon you with scorn, and will make you sensation that whelm impelled me in my course. Think not that I am a bourgeois, and that I will laugh me this wash: that excessive pride, and servant laughter, and all the rest of it, which that alone make woman loveable. Proud lady, you have insulted me, and you shall rue it with your heart from, for which I am beholden to you. And you, monsieur, you have insulted me, for purpose of dividing a poor plebeian, learn from that hour that you have made a deadly foe, and how often a haughty mien and boastful words have proved the ruin of their owner."

The now the house of the company had not ceased to laugh at the bourgeois's boldness, but the last words of Jacques were received by a volley of jeers, not devoid of threatening, which pressed forward to chastise the bold youth.

"Hold, my lords!" cried the Sire de Monstrelet, "this man is much honor for the insolent knave. Here, you varlets, take him out of my house, and if he resist, kill he cry for mercy; but I charge ye, do him no bodily injury, else look to your heads!"

Jacques was held hold of by the menials, who, with many curses and jeers, were about to vulgar jests of their inferiors. As they reached the door, Jacques turned round, and the look that was rapidly increasing, a revulsion made its appearance upon the countenance of Isabeau.

"The Dauphin! the Dauphin!" shouted several of the servants upon a hole was seen.

He who rode in advance of the others, was a boy of about fifteen years of age, whose person blended with a air of heedlessness was the general appearance of nobility.

"What violence is this?" cried he, as he came up to the spot.

A few words from several voices sufficed to inform him of the punishment which was about to be inflicted upon the subjected, while leaving him ignorant of the particulars.

"Release that man, I say!" cried the Dauphin in a peremptory tone; which command was instantly obeyed, for the Sire de Montcorvier that I shall not suffer the good citizens of my beautiful town and bailiwick to be insulted in churches towns, where the citizens are as free as they."

"Pardon, my lord," said the Sire de Monstrelet, Regent!" shouted the crowd waving their caps in the air, "long live the Regent!" and a general shout, and a shout, but evil should befall them.

"Be my lord, and I will be your friend," said the Dauphin, and he turned to the lord of the house, and spoke a few words to him, while the crowd opened to let him pass, and Jacques Cœur, who had witnessed his bend, nodded, and smiled in his usual listless manner.

CHAPTER II.

Years glided away. The sorry abode of the farrier, Pierre Cœur, and others that surrounded it, had disappeared, and in their stead there now stately pile, one of the most magnificent structures of the age, which excited the praise of the architects of the middle of the fifteenth century. Jacques Cœur was the lord of the day. Over the portals were engraved the arms of the owner, with the following motto: IL NE FAUT POINT VAILLANS CŒUR SANS IMPOSSIBLE; i. e., "It is nothing impossible." This splendid mansion belonged to Jacques Cœur. The son of the humble farrier of Bourges, was the most wealthiest man in Europe, consulted with a sent at the courts of power. And how had all this come to pass? The particulars are unknown. Jacques Cœur's rapid rise to opulence was even a mystery to his contemporaries, the most credulous of whom were willing to suppose that he had discovered the philosopher's stone. The facts, so far as they are known, are these. His father left him some capital, and Jacques formed a partnership with the two brothers Godart. At that period the commerce of France was extremely limited, none whatever existing with distant countries, while Florence, Genoa and Venice possessed the undisputed monopoly of the eastern trade. The bold and enterprising Jacques Cœur, after visiting those mercantile cities, where he learned much that was of use to him for the furtherance of the gigantic commercial projects which he had conceived, set out for Egypt and Syria, where he travelled for some time, and succeeded in forming relations with the princes and traders of those countries. On his return, he established himself at Montpellier with his partners, who, dying in 1420, left him the sole manager, to be had forever been the chief member of the firm. He had a fleet of twelve ships employed upon the Mediterranean, and his brother, and Jacques Cœur was soon the only medium whereby France was supplied with the rich commodities of the east. His warehouses were filled with the richest stuffs of the world; which, while filling his own coffers to overflowing, caused a considerable depreciation in the value carried on by the Italian cities. The greater part of the coin in France passed through the hands of the farrier's son; and three hundred agents were in his employ, residing in different ports of Europe, Asia and Africa, while his personal influence with the Mahometan potentates was greater than that of any European prince.

The Dauphin, whom we introduced at the close of the last chapter, was now King Charles VII. In 1445 he could thus speak with perfect freedom from his abode in the south of France, and soon afterwards the monarch and the subject of his favor. The kingdom was placed in his hands. Jacques Cœur acted in his native country according to the same principles which had guided him in his private concerns, i. e., their success. The most signal proof of this consequence was that the finances of France emerged from the chaos of debt and embarrassment in which, together with the money gratuitously advanced by Jacques Cœur, the wars of Charles VII. had involved them, and which prohibited those persons occupying public posts from accumulating property, with an exception being made in his favor, Jacques Cœur was permitted to amass a fortune, and his profits of which had proved of such signal advantage to the nation. Charles VII. was compelled to have recourse to the same economy to say, as rich as Cœurus, but as rich and generous as he. Many of the old nobles were shut in silver, but this saying was no doubt applicable to the whole of the nobility, and even to all over the country. The purchased more than one million of crowns worth of landed property in places in Paris, two in Bourges, and as many more in Montpellier, besides other considerable sums in the principal cities of France. The one he built in Bourges was one of the most splendid and noble impulses of his soul. He endeavored to make his native city the most splendid capital of his country; he patronized the fine arts, which had been neglected since the days of Charles V. France is in part to be ascribed to him; but, above all, he was the friend of the unfortunate. In his fabulous wars at stake, he snapped at no sacrifice. In 1445 he had been appointed by the king to receive affection—a loan, without interest, of 100,000 crowns of gold, without security, and to be repaid out of the revenues of Normandy; and by this means, within the space of a few months, the whole province of France was wrested from their grasp. Jacques Cœur, moreover, was the principal agent in the commission of great importance and honor, which, in 1450, was appointed to negotiate a treaty of the age, Jacques Cœur was a power in himself, and exercised an influence in the government whose importance he had enhanced by his own wealth. Princes were glad to ally with the rich nobles, who nevertheless cringed to him, and sought what value do you set upon your own themselves?

"The loan sent of the *retenir* still lurks under the jubilee of the quotas. Jacques Cœur, however, was abroad never have come to the throne, was abroad never have come to the throne, was abroad never have come to the throne

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

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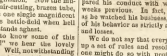
MUSIC AND WAR.

Few persons have an idea of how large and indispensable a part music plays in war—and we might safely add, few persons have no idea how large a part anything plays in what they have not studied. All know that the troops keep step to the measure of music; that the national hymn or martial tunes throw on enthusiasm, and that seems to save the day. But the technical uses of music in giving the various commands, where the numbers and separation of the troops, or the din of battle, would make a command inaudible, if delivered by the voice, inaudible, therefore to those it is meant for, and a trumpet note may be heard for miles, and is as clear a direction by each soldier as if he understood it, and a great deal better to a mixed congregation of all languages and, proverbially, we would remark that conservative now grieve at operations of many languages, Indian initiative, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, Swedish, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, Greek, Turkish, Latin-Gaspeau and Negro, we have a book reader exclaim—we shall do so, and leave the "lost cities" to the imagination. Now the armies order, given on the air-cutting, trumpet tube, tells all these people, in their own appropriate idiom, their fate on the battle-field when left entire for the next merry charge sounds.

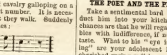
"How I would like to know some of this wonderful battle music!" we hear the lovely reader aforesaid exclaim. Well, unutterablething like interrogation given just now as the time were growing ethnologically learned, we shall gratify you. Let us procure the music-books of the cavalry music, which horses sometimes learn to understand as they do spoken orders to stop or proceed.

Suppose ten thousand cavalry charging on a plain—we have seen that number. If you have any fire their safety that they walk. Suddenly the bugles play sheet music:

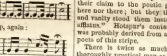


Instantly ten thousand heads check fire, then send foaming steeds, and they walk as if directed by a magic wand.

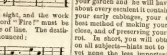
But it may be necessary to trot. Then the bugles play thus:



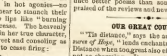
Or if to go on the gallop, again:



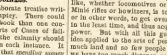
Or to sing this earth-shaking music of war, and make it still as the bosom of a mountain station, the bugles but sound these few notes:



But the enemy is within sight, and the work must commence. The word "Fire!" must be given along a mile or more of front. The deadening pauses are thus announced:



The work is over. Tens of thousands in the morning, fleshed with life, palpitating with heroic courage, with love of country, of home, of "what girls they left behind them," lie as clods of the valley, or with life ebbing in the pulses—some, no wonder, so with fear to staunch their wounds, to give waier to the like "burning mad." The carnage must cease. The heavenly maid, Mercy, then appears to the bugle musician, and the bugles are now sweet and consoling as they deliver this command to cease firing:



FAILING IN BUSINESS.

There ought to be an evening treatise written on the causes of bankruptcy. There could scarcely be a more useful book than one containing five hundred Reports of Cases of failure, in which the cause of the calamity should be distinctly pointed out in each instance. We would probably be found that *spending money before it is earned* causes about twenty per cent of failures in the United States. Young business men are exceedingly liable to this error. Confidence in a new field is safe only in prosperous times. They forget that expenses are certain, and profits uncertain. They forget, too, that expenses are to be paid out of profits. They omit to consider the absolute certainty that some of their customers will not pay their notes. They do not stop to think that our success in every case will be doubtful, that success in every town will be dull; that one year in every six will be disastrous. Consequently, as soon as they have made a little money, or think they have, they bring up their young partners to a point that would only be proper if their incomes were derived from real estate. A young man who, in a prosperous year, makes his thousand dollars by trading, thinks he can spend more than two thousand. Two thousand is his very extreme. One thousand is what he is destined to fall, sooner or later. The other eight thousand should all be employed in increasing the basis on which his business rests.

The man who is not going to fail lives in the same old house, until people wonder why he is so very rich, should live in so insignificant a residence. But he who is formed by nature to be a bankrupt, begins by taking a mansion that makes women and boys admire him; but exercises old fellows of the "codger" species to wave an extra scene on the back of his notes. In this city, it has been a common thing for a business man, whose actual capital did not exceed twenty thousand dollars, to pay two thousand dollars a year for house rent. All such men fail. All without one exception. Old John Jacob Astor never lived in a house so expensive as that. The house-rent of a man who starts in mercantile business in New York with a capital of twenty thousand dollars ought not to exceed four hundred dollars a year till he has doubled his capital. If it does, he will be pretty sure to fall in from five to fifteen years.

A very frequent cause of failure is a business sanctum that induces a firm to sell at too small a profit. It is this, we are told, that has wrecked so many publishers and booksellers during the last five years. We have boasted of the cheapness of books in this country, but no cheapness is a real advantage if it prevents the desire from reaping a just profit. The largest cheapness is despicable creature, and want of firmness in resisting his solicitations has ruined many a storekeeper.

The other great causes of bankruptcy are: Living too fast; selling too cheap; and bad debts.

TOILING AFTER VIRTUE.

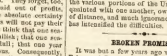
A high degree of virtue is not attained without effort. Nature must do her part, but cultivation is indispensable.

If we look into the biographies of men remarkable for the beauty and steady success of their lives, we shall find that they were men who were born well. They studied the art of living. They considered the subject, investigated it, and by reading and the experience of others; ascertained their peculiar relations to it. Then they set themselves to work. Nothing is more certain than that virtue has been a science for, at least, three centuries in their art, as Descartes to collect and arrange its principles, as Descartes as philosophers search for truth.

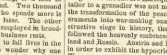
The Greeks, with their usual genius, wrote out a long list of rules for the guidance of his conduct, and Franklin followed their example in a bold and originating object. Those he read, were among the best. Those he made, were among the principles that rendered familiar to his mind. Edwards did not, we believe, ever draw up a list of seventy resolutions, and bound himself to observe them once a week; but Edwards did more in this way than either of those two remarkable men. He prepared a system for his own use, and formed a system of morals in his mind, that is, unconsciously, determined to become a *perfect man*. He kept a daily record of his delinquencies, and, at the end of every week, balanced accounts with his conscience, and made his peace with which it had been in weeks previous. In this way he conducted his life as it would his business, and kept an account of his behavior as carefully as he did his bank account.

We not say that every one ought to draw up a set of rules and resolutions, though every one might do so with profit to his life. Our aim is to show the profit gift, that is acquired here nor there; but they thought they had to and resolved them because it was "divine affliction." Holmes's contempt for rhyming and reasoning formed from an acquaintance with poets of this stripe.

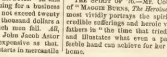
There is virtue as much real poetry in a thoroughly practical man as in a lunatic poet or a fanatical preacher. He has always something to suggest or to impress upon others, and begins but sound there few notes:



But the enemy is within sight, and the work must commence. The word "Fire!" must be given along a mile or more of front. The deadening pauses are thus announced:



The work is over. Tens of thousands in the morning, fleshed with life, palpitating with heroic courage, with love of country, of home, of "what girls they left behind them," lie as clods of the valley, or with life ebbing in the pulses—some, no wonder, so with fear to staunch their wounds, to give water to the like "burning mad." The carnage must cease. The heavenly maid, Mercy, then appears to the bugle musician, and the bugles are now sweet and consoling as they deliver this command to cease firing:



FAILING IN BUSINESS.

There ought to be an evening treatise written on the causes of bankruptcy. There could scarcely be a more useful book than one containing five hundred Reports of Cases of failure, in which the cause of the calamity should be distinctly pointed out in each instance. It

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

THE MOUNTAIN GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

How beautiful and proud, of old,
Those gardens on the mountain grew,
And caught the earliest ray of morn,
And held the purest dew!

II.

O surely, surely there was born
Of high and holy Eastern thought,
That thus even in the physical
The fair pure Heaven sought!

III.

From them let imagination come,
Life-fountains gushing into sea;
O may full many a thought of mine
On Heaven-ward stamp be!

IV.

There yield the beauty of pure desire
That sparkle on the flowers of love,
O, thus in Heaven I let me walk
And with warm hymns adore!

V.

Hymns full of earnest love for all,
Hymns golden-winged by faith to Thee,
That bright desire of Eternity!

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. P. GREEN.

CHAPTER VII.

Blood, though it seems a stain, yet never dies,
The ghost of murder'd deeds will haunt the guilty murderer.
Old Play.

While the young Southern heiress had been an inmate of old Hugh Crafton's lowly dwelling, the search for her cousin's murderer had been prosecuted with the utmost assiduity. The bogus woods had been scoured again, and all suspicious persons arrested. But every man's father had protected, and the murdered woman's father had incensed the populace against personal friends. The horrid details of the scene were still fresh in the memories of the people. Grey-haired parents shuddered when, in the midst of their own blooming daughters, they thought of poor Mabel's ringlets; and young mothers clasped their babes closer to their hearts, as they recalled the dead child who had been drawn from the depths of the Pirate's Well.

Gervayse Gault was at his task in the forsaken when a band of Lynn officers entered, and the sheriff grasped his arm.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, with mock deference.

"Is the cousin's name I arrest you for the murder of Mabel Ward and her child?"

Gault's cheek grew stormy with rage and chagrin, but his cheek did not redden, nor his eyes droop beneath their stern gaze.

"Well," he replied, laying down his tools, "I say not the first innocent man who's been arrested herebouts, but I shall be discharged like the others. Fortune, I'll finish that job to-morrow; you don't want me long?"

This coolness acted in his favor, and it was with a feeling of regret that the officials dragged him off to jail.

Ralph Heathcote was whiling away the hours that long heavily upon him of late, by a game of chess with the landlord, when a young man in Gault's confidence placed a note in his hand. Heathcote unfolded it, and read as follows:—

"Guilt is in jail; he has been arrested as the murderer by which such right sought has been made. Don't fail him in his hour of need! As Captain Ward's kinsman, you will be present at the examination this afternoon, and if some coherent thing should be brought to bear against him, engage to interest either upon [illegible] depends on coolness and courage! I am given no counsel; you have only to remember that I am a devoted friend."

The above was written in cypher, and with a peculiar fluid, distilled from the cochineal, and having the appearance of blood. Heathcote grew pale as he read, but when he realized how much depended on his coolness and courage, and he was playing, he saw the necessity of coolness and decision. As he thrust the note into his gold-clasped wallet, Boniface exclaimed:

"Zounds! you look like a ghost to-day!"

"To tell you the truth," replied Heathcote, "I've an uneasiness about my cousin Grace that I'm not myself of late."

"How is she?"

"This note, which is from her Aunt Ward, states that through somewhat better, she is still very feeble. If she should die, my life would be a wreck—among hear to think of it—quite me a glass of brandy to revive me, good sir."

The landlord poured out not the fiery liquor, and the young man drank it as if it had been the effigy of life; then took his cloak from a peg in the bar-room, and walked away. The examination ward he was ushered into the drawing-room of Captain Ward's mansion. It was a stately old parlor, with cornices of elaborate workmanship, polished wainscot, massive doors and damask-draped windows. A Turkey carpet muffled the floor; the hangings were of purple damask, and the high-backed chairs and sofas cushioned with the same rich material. The tables and elaborately carved word "wonders of carving:" family pertraits looked down from gilded frames; silver candelabra and classic vases stood on the mantel, the heavy, bronze fire-set shone like gold, and two tall mirrors reflected this enormous magnificence. The old man, with his velvet small-clothes, snowy ruffles and powdered hair, and the tall lady in silk, with her stiff black silks, and jet ornaments, accorded well with their luxurious surroundings. Both gentlemen and ladies are cordially, and Captain Ward added:

"You say just the person I wish to see."

"And why, my dear cousin?"

"There has been another arrest."

"Who?"

"One Gault—a man who works in the foundry."

"Are there suspicious circumstances connected with him?"

"Of course, or he wouldn't have been arrested."

"And what are they?"

"We shall soon know—it is high time for the court to open; come, I hope we've got the hardest felon now."

A half hour later the examination of Gervayse Gault commenced in the school-house. As he was brought in by the officials, he looked around, let keen glance at him, and wondered that he could seem so unconcerned. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and then the counsel for the crown summoned a woman, who was found in the vicinity of the Pirate's Glen on the afternoon of the fatal day in search of blackberries, she had but seen a person with a black mask prowling about, and been so frightened that she fled to her home, and locked herself and her children into the house. She stated further that the masked stranger was short and stout like Gault, and that he wore a red flannel shirt, and coarse blue small-clothes just like three of the men at the Iron Works, and produced a neckerchief and a torn hat she had found near the glen. The overseer and several of the laborers at the foundry testified that these articles of clothing belonged to Gault, and that he was not at his task during the day in question.

The counsel for the defence summoned witnesses who bore testimony to his having resumed an honest, hard-working man, and ruled the intention of the court to the fact that he could have had no previous knowledge of Mabel, and therefore no possible reason for the deed, as she was returning penniless to her friends. Then she was returning penniless to her friends. Then she was returning penniless to her friends. Then

the cherished wish of my heart that you should be his wife."

"I should like to please you, my dear uncle, but I love another."

"And who?" and Captain Ward leaned forward, pale, sure, stern.

"Richard Crofton."

"A gods!" exclaimed the old man; "this must in a jest."

"I assure you I am in earnest, sir."

"In earnest, eh! Why, girl, you might as well have fallen in love with one of my grooms! He's a mere cloddopper, low-born and low-bred—no match for you—not worth a thought."

"He is the noblest man I ever knew. As for his birth, I don't owe what it is. He is a well-bred, as chivalrous as cousin Ralph, and far braver, besides being a thousand-fold more agreeable. I am prouder of his love than any queen is of her royal husband. I thank God that his Providence placed me for a time in High Crofton's family."

The manful speaker had drawn herself up to her full height, and seemed very majestic as she proved to and fro on the gorgeous carpet.

"You," she continued, "in your silence for a long time, because of the difference in our position; he would not permit me to utter a contradict vow—he left me free; but if I am driven to it, I will leave my uncle to his lotus-eating and marry the man of my choice without de lay."

"Grace, Grace," resumed her uncle, "you are mad! I will take the matter into my own hands. I will save you from this base fortune-hunter! I shall keep you under the strictest surveillance till your foolish passion has died out."

"Then my imprisonment will be as long as life is! I shall never marry Ralph Crofton's cast-off."

"Unless," interposed her uncle, with a bitter smile, "you should be satisfied that you have made an unwise choice."

The entrance of visitors interrupted the conversation, and it was not resumed that day. Heathcote had retreated to his den, there to sat brooding over his misfortunes in no evolable mood, till a sudden thought crossed him.

"I will consult the wizz!" he muttered; and rising, he hastened to Madame Fischer's house.

The weird woman was poring over an old volume when he entered. She looked up, nodded, and bade him welcome. She pointed to a seat on the other side, and he sank down, and remained silent, till she exclaimed:

"You are ill at ease, young man."

"I have reason to be. Grace has refused me the second time, and I remembered her confession to her uncle that she loved Dick Crofton. Madam, when I consulted you before, you said that you would do what you could. Where is the vaunted skill, was to be exerted in my favor?"

"Calm yourself," rejoined the sibyl. "It was no time for me to work my spells when the girl lay at death's door! The storm of a week ago never does run smooth. Take heart, take heart, for as I live I see a wedding ring on her finger!"

Heathcote's cheek flushed; he started up, and began to pace to and fast; his self-control was for once lost faded, and he was obliged to leave her without any further discussion.

"Poor dupe," muttered Moll, as he disappeared, "he shall never know what I saw with Grace Ward if I can help it—ha! ha! ha!"

CHAPTER IX.

"And now the fair hour, though in half and hower,
The gathered Fellowes from far and near;
Were all assembled in the Princes bower,
The marshalled route of knights and ladies fair."

Winter had come, and the British troops were quartered in Boston, the Patriots in Cambridge. Tones were indeed the "times which tried men's souls," and the Tories generally found themselves forced to choose a Committee of Safety, organize a company of "Alarm Troops," and take other measures for the protection of their homes.

"There would have been indeed every night," one at Sagamore Hill, a second at the mansion of Shepard street, and the third on Sagamo river." No person was suffered to leave town without permission; on the Sabbath, people carried their muskets to church, and the clergyman went into the pulpit "with his cartridge-box under arm, and his sermon under the other."

Captain Ward, being a staunch Royalist, had removed to Boston, and there, too, the darkly-beautiful Grace had made herself at home. She had purchased a great stone mansion, and on a clear, cold winter evening was about to open to a throng of guests, who had been eager to make the acquaintance of the young stranger.

It was late when a carriage rolled to the door, and Ralph Heathcote handed his cousin Grace into a lofty hall, lined with statues, and flooded with light. An obsequious servant guided her up the state-case, along a broad corridor, and into a chamber splendidly arranged for a royal conquest. Her first task into the crept as if it had been their piled velvet; a mirror, with silver sconces and lace, delicate in texture as if it had been woven in Arachne's loom, curtains over the windows, and crowded the downy couch; chairs, whose graceful pattern told that they had been imported from France, a bureau and wardrobe of the same costly Indian wood, a tabl-eglass, set in a frame of silver filigree, tables, folded in quaint designs, and a small dressing-case, with gold-mounted flasks, bespoke wealth and taste. Grace Ward was gazing about her, still wrapped in her black cloak she had worn over her pretty dress, when a servant came and announced her, and Hortense exclaimed:

"I feared you would not come—you, for whom I gave the party."

"I did hesitate," replied Grace, "on account of my poor cousin's death; but he is the first party I have attended since that tragic event; but both uncle and aunt said I must go, and so I came."

"I cannot tell you how delighted I am at your presence, for the fête would have been nothing without you. I saw you dancing with regret door of the drawing-room, and as I could have my choice, I chose, because I was one you. Let me be your waiting-maid," and she threw aside the cloak, and gazed at her guest.

"You are," resumed Grace, "I had to make my toilet myself—I could not endure waiting for a while."

"Your costume needs no apologies," said Hortense, and she wound her arm about the girl, and led her away.

There could not have been a greater contrast than that between the two maidens, who soon afterward entered the drawing-room. The tall figure of Hortense was set off to advantage by a robe of garnet-colored velvet, looped up over a train, after the fashion of the times, to reveal a petti-coat of white, delicately trimmed with lace; the same misty lace drooped from the low corsage and shirt sleeves; diamonds sparkled, throbbing with a thousand pulses on her breast, lit up the depths of her hair, and clasped her symmetrical arms. She carried a bouquet-holder all ablaze with jewels, and even her fan glittered as if stars had fallen among its gorgeous feathers. Grace wore a robe of white, watered silk, heavy enough to support its own weight, and trimmed with down; her "shadowy tresses" were looped back with clusters of pearls, and the same jewels were coiled about her graceful neck and wrists, while above her spotless brow flamed a single diamond of wondrous lustre. A murmur of admiration greeted her as she entered, and the smart cheek of Hortense flushed, not with pleasure, but with indignation, for she was playing a false part. Bowing to Grace, she said, in a whisper:

"Come, come with me a moment—I wish to show you my house."

The girl gladly assented, and looked around the luxurious parlor with an admiring eye. It was a splendid apartment, with crimson drapery, velvet-cushioned chairs and sofas, mosaic tables, tall mirrors, and the air heavy with rare perfumes; and a tapster, and glittering sconces and lustres could not have made it more brilliant. In one corner was a music-room, with a harpsichord, guitar, and even a set of silver bells, and on the wide night he seen a gallery, hung with rare paintings, and between that a conservatory where Hortense had tried to reproduce the splendor of the tropics. Fairy perpetual roses blushed water-lilies grew in minute basins, the regal passion-tube lifted her white corolla, and cups jasmine and orange-trees scented the air heavy with their fragrance, while a fountain threw up a silvery spray, that rendered the whole perfect as one could imagine.

"Lords of palm, of orange-blossom."

"Of silver, and of silver-sand!"

"By-the-by," said Hortense, with assumed gaiety, "I hope you will show me all of my acquaintance sake, to send you the bridal wreath you have used so long."

"What do you mean, Hortense?"

"Ah! you affect ignorance when all the world is talking of your approaching marriage with your cousin, Ralph Heathcote."

"Rumor is at fault this time; I am not seen engaged to Ralph, and don't intend to be so soon."

Most adroitly Hortense endeavored to ascertain if she loved or was betrothed to another, but the girl kept her own secret. She music sounded, and she proposed a dance next to the dancing-hall. Grace declined dancing, and here on account of her dress, but the fair Frenchmistress almost began, and the powdered and bejewelled guests were soon whirling through a reformist measure, Heathcote gave a sudden start, there, amid the revellers, standing with a British officer, he saw a form, slender, but symmetrical, clad in Highland costume, with the bonnet, bodice, and wearing her dress tresses in heavy braids, which, rather than hid, the graceful head, spanned her dusky forehead, dropped from her cheek, and, mingling with the silken tartan, fell in bands of burning coals. Even in that formal minuet, the lithe, graceful movements of the wearer's form were not overlooked; and when the dance was ended,

"Who is she, who is she, Colonel Villiers? By Jove, she is a splendid creature! She looks like a portrait of Madmoiselle L'Estrange."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, tapping his arm with her fan, "you are quite mistaken—she is this stranger; you haven't taken your eyes from her since you entered the room."

Heathcote looked down into the speaker's face, and forced a smile as he replied:

"I have good reason to be so engrossed—nothing more. My heart can never know but one love, and that is for you."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a servant announced the guests, and she followed him into a little saloon, which had not been lighted, and was dimly lit by the moon. And Heathcote, her faithful old ally, and Gervase Guild, the man who had tried to destroy his life and had returned from some guilty errand, and bade him a cordial welcome.

"Shun and bolt the door!" growled Guild. The command was obeyed, and as she turned toward them, Asmilius hissed:

"Now, you rascal, you just what'l brenk up the match?"

"What? I don't understand you?"

"I will be more explicit. You have taken in a clever girl, a handsome estate, and a world of gold and jewels, and introduced her to your guests as Richard Crofton's betrothed, years ago, you treated the intention of Heathcote while he was in his hands, and showed the girl a miniature that made love to her, and when a chief was proposed to her, you declared that she was not free and betrothed to him was divulged. She received the invitation which follows spoonies, and fled to Madrid, where you followed her, and Heathcote. He had tired of the game, and left, to seek a happier home. Then she came to the Spanish father, the has had suddenly died, and Richard Crofton arrived. Then Heathcote, who watched the footsteps of her English lover to Madrid, lured him before her from high, and made she would have a fearful revenge. She came to Boston, and Heathcote followed, has been lurking about Lynn, and wishes to rise up between him and his prize. Now, you have heard the truth, the rich Southern heiress will fall into Heathcote's hands."

"No, no, she never shall, if still more desperate deeds are done to prevent it! Ah! we were neighbors in our childhood, but she was my rival in position, in fortune, in beauty, in love! Richard Crofton I am her friend, but if she could see my heart she would know that I am her deadliest enemy. Guild, I assure you that I took in Zoe as a mere plaything, I have nothing of her revengeful schemes against Heathcote."

"Has she made any scene as yet with her betrothed lover?"

"No; 0, no!"

"Has she breathed a word to Grace?"

"No."

"It is not then too late—summon her—quick, quick!"

Hortense dispatched a servant to Zoe, and the next instant she was the centre of the anxious group in the little saloon.

Guild leaned toward her, and whispered a few words in her ear. She started, the black left cheek and lip, and there was a will, terrified look in her eyes.

A few moments later, in an impenetrable disguise, she glided down the back stair-case, and through a side door. Darting along the street she kept on at a brisk pace, till she reached a small house not far from King's wharf. She paused on the steps, on was about to ring when she heard loud voices within. She silenced her self, and put her ear to the door.

"I cannot find fust for the sake of my foot bonnie brooch; I suppose I must go to my old batiste, and lie down with only the sky over my head," gilded sung.

Meanwhile Hortense returned to her guests, and found Heathcote and their dukes of pictures in the coalition, asked Heathcote to dance with her. As he led her to the hall, she turned to him, and said, in French:

"I am glad I could trouble you so more! I beg you to believe that I have not forgotten that I am but to be because her dark beauty fascinated me, her highland love made her seem akin to me! I have seen her off, and Guild will not accompany her further."

"Your explanation is satisfactory," rejoined Heathcote, in the same language. "I hope she will keep silent till Grace is mine?"

The dancing now commenced, and the conversation was ended. The spell which had entranced Heathcote was soon broken, however, he was himself again, and that night there was scarcely a gay young Britain who did not envy Grace Ward her conquest. But, alas, in the midst of her joy, she was to feel the girl's thoughts reverted to the gallant master of the Perrel, and tears gathered in her eyes, as she mused on the dangers by which he was encompassed. "Oh, Richard, Richard, how and sweet as the sigh of a wind-harp, murmured:

BUYING A BONNET.

"Myllo," said my friend Jackson, as we were waiting together in the lobby of the opera-house, "I should like to know, if it isn't a secret, why you are looking for a bonnet? Are you going to buy a bonnet?"

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Oh, then you have a reason," he said, turning his head to look at me.

"Why, yes," I answered; "then is, I did have. There was a reason, but it is all over now."

"Stop a moment," said he. "Don't you want to know what it is? I am dying to know myself."

We were then just in front of his boarding-house, and I followed him up the steps, and he easy-chair by the fire—a coal fire, low down in the grate.

I recollect, well, I, sinking down among the cushions, was showing you the house where I boarded when I was in Boston."

"Yes. But don't be in a hurry. I'm looking for my pocket-handkerchief. I always have to do that before I can get to my pocket. A story agrees with me better after dinner."

"Oh," said I, "it's not much of a story. I was going to tell you that I was boarding in Bromfield street, I was with a lady who had a remarkably pretty daughter."

"Don't say, it's not much of a story, then."

"Well, I'll try to make it so. The daughter was pleasing, and I was favorably impressed with the whole appearance of things, up to the time of which I am now speaking, I had shown her a few little attentions, and I do not deny that I was pleased with them. Of course I was polite, and kind, and all that."

Perhaps my manner portions from the store, perhaps, interrupted my friend, by giving a chair back to the wall.

"Yes, certainly," I answered, with a smile. "Gone her now and then a ticket for a lecture or the theatre."

"Well, yes. I think I did. But it's all the same. It's rather not be cross-questioned. I mean to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"But her name, Myllo—you might tell her name."

"Simple enough—only Lucy Hall. We should have called each other by our christian names, by intimately—but not my sister in the country to see me—and so on."

"Upon opening, one day, a letter from Ann I found a fair dollar bill. After some preliminaries, she went on to say, that in consideration of services rendered the devoted cow in question, in the way of careful attendance, milk porridge, &c., father had given her (Ann) its first year's milk. The year had expired, her butter had sold well, and she had decided to afford herself a new bonnet. She wanted the very latest style. I must notice, as I went to the store, what girls of her age were wearing, and then go to the milliner's, and pick out the prettiest one I could find. Now talk, at the first blush, would seem very easy."

"Very easy, and very pleasant."

"Apparently. And in my zeal to oblige my sister, I got leave of absence when all the fashionables were out. Not a bonnet escaped me. I viewed them on all sides. Sometimes I would be so delighted with the outside of one which I was following, that I would pass it with great speed, and then, hilariously back to get a sight of the face trimmings. And then the reverse. When I met one with pretty linings inside, I would follow it, and peep in. Was it the outside correspondent?"

"It weren't you, in the first case, often shocked at finding, under a 'love of a bonnet,' some ugly, haggard face? I've been."

"Why, yes. But then I saw a great many pretty girls. Jackson—a great many. And I could look them straight in the face with a clear conscience; for I felt that, if my motives could be made known to them, they would, instead of thinking me rude, rejoice to be of assistance. I went on in this way for more than an hour. It was an easy thing to do, and pleasant, as you just now remarked. But, Jackson, I felt myself more and more ridiculous as the afternoon withered. Everything seemed to be against me. I was out of the life of me, tell whether a bonnet was pretty of itself, or whether it was the style made it seem so. My eyes were getting tired, and I was getting cross, looking so stoutly at bright objects. At last I gave it up, and thought couldn't tell what was the matter with was bonnet.

"Enough, however, that I could still read the names upon our signs, I retreated behind the counter, and looked at the ladies as close as they came shopping; and while they looked at the bonnets, I looked at them. I was desperate."

"Don't know," said my friend, knocking the ashes from his cigar—"don't know; rather difficult—would require practice."

"I had it. I found it. And, Jackson, it was my love to go to dinner."

"Did you go on the shady side?"

"Yes; and looked down all the way."

"But you did not find it there?"

"Oh, no. As soon as dinner was over, I hastened with all speed to a bonnet-store. I knew, I thought, will be nothing to distract the attention. The milliner was to be judged according to its merits. The milliners were exclusively ladies, and they made me feel uncomfortable—made me feel my ignorance of bonnets, and my utter unfitness of satin or velvet, in what I seemed to be the most glaring manner. And when she had finished, and looked expectingly at me, I said, 'I want a bonnet for Ann.' It was for I had acutely understood a word. I doubted my certain knowledge even of the terms used by colors; couldn't have said whether a green bonnet was a Leghorn or Fedora. But I could tell, to order a bonnet, the ready attendant suggested. I was with silk, satin, velvet, plush, and—as yet—I turned away with a shudder, and said that I would send the money. And all the time I was trying to find Lucy to help me. "Ann," she said, "if you're looking after your bonnet, I've gone up to the top of the Bunker Hill. Brown, to find the place where your sister lives.' I thought I knew the way up, but found myself in a pink bonnet.—There!" said she, pointing to the bonnet-stand, "is the bonnet gone to." If you want to know the very latest fashion, look down, and you'll find it there. And don't be afraid to come to play.'—I was in great distress at having lost Lucy's address, but fashioned after; but then then, I thought I saw Lucy coming, way off in the distance, and made a rush for her, and found—that I lost my balance. Did you never have such a thing happen to you?"

"Oh, yes. Frequently. I suppose you tried to recover?"

"Yes. And it must have been then that Margaret threw her cap at me."

"Ah!" said Jackson, after a pause, "I suppose that was not the upshot of the whole matter?"

"No. Four after that I saw Lucy. I was good friends; and in return for her going with me to buy a bonnet, I went with her to a concert. I or isn't got over the idea that I might look at her bonnet as I pleased. And one evening, taking an tea, I told her I hoped she wouldn't be offended, but I thought that Ann's baby bonnet I had got in that way the day we were in Bromfield street. Oh, no, she said. It didn't make any difference to her. And, Jackson, I don't think it did. If I had thought so, I should never have asked her the question. Lucy's was the right, evening bonnet in the evening from the Music Hall.

"You see, I reasoned in this way: A girl who has worked a whole year for her money, who can be reasonably calm in the most awkward of situations, who can be satisfied in the gloom, honour after honour, without having her head turned, is pleased with the finest dress."

"You said she blushed, though, in the store."

"Yes, because I was a fool. But then a fool's would so soon have a rose without a blush, as a lily. Lucy's was the right, evening bonnet in the lovely, wholly blush."

"Well," I suppose, is the present Mrs. Myllo. I have often noticed the simple, unconscious manner with the dress which becomes her."

"Yes," said I. "Now and then we find one who is so used to being pretty, she don't seem to know it."

"Very rarely," said my friend, stirring up the fire very rarely. And so you've always kept up your love for bonnets?"

"Yes. I have always gone with Lucy to select hers. I shall do so as long as I am out of her little play."

"You have been interesting, choosing the wedding one?"

"I wasn't going to speak of that, but as you've mentioned it, I will say that when I first saw Lucy in her bonnet, with the flowers, white flowers nestling among her dark hair, softening the expression of her face, the brilliancy of her complexion, I was—"

"Struck?" said I, if you can't express it. But then, I suppose, if the milliners had been at dinner, it would have been—"

"Yes," said I, laughing, "I should. I know that I should. Anybody would, under the circumstances. You would."

"Perhaps," he replied. "One can never tell what one would, or would not do, under given circumstances. I understand now the frequent twinkling of crowds of people in the shop windows."

"Why, Jackson," I answered, "I have taken an interest in bonnets ever since. I have never been in a shop in my life, I suppose, as much as even when they were at the smallest. Instead of admiring the shape or not, I was at the anxiety felt in their selection; of the terrible responsibility which the fate final rested upon be uttered. Consider, too, for a moment their connection with the grand operations of Nature! How they and the trees put on their autumnal colors together! How, in the fine, chilly Autumn days, both with one accord spring to their wonder-working glory! How scarlet and orange! Their crimson and purple! How they fall to the ground, the leaves, as if in piteously nestled of the cheaper going on at the shop-windows!"

"Myllo, how long have you been married?"

"Oh, ten years, or so."

"Then you are knowing the end of his cigar in his fire, as he runs suddenly down upon the front legs of his chair, "I fear, my friend, there's that upon you you'll never get over."

His dinner-bell rang just then, and I bid him good-morning. When I had reached the lower entry I heard him calling me, and went to the great distance. I hurried back—up three flights. He met me at his door, and rushed me to the window.

"Quick!" cried he, pointing to a lady just going out of sight. "That ribbon!—Solferino, or Magenta?"

In ten seconds I was tumbling down the last flight.

WHICH LOVETH BEST.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Man hath a stately and lordly nest;
He sees as forth in another light and grows
His master eyes, as he marks the sight and guesses
And, without leave, set a martyr die.

Woman hath feeble frame, and timid heart;
Her strength is never from the blooming belief;
Her arms still stretch, her sighs and groans have way
And unbefriended are she found her life.

Yet women hath a stronger heart than man,
And woman's love more tender is and truer;
Former her faith, quicker her prayerful,
And her love burns with ashe fires not do.

Ah through life's uncertain pilgrimage believe
She was his brother, ever-faithful friend;
Man's feeble love oft wrong his soul with woe,
But woman loved him steadfast to the end.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNPLEASANT INTERRUPTION.

"I have been quite looking forward to your coming," said Agnes, joyously, as she assisted her visitors, and then collecting bonnets, hat and shawl, stowed them away, behind the sitting-room screen, in her sapacity of a bedroom. "You may think it isn't many visitors I have in this poor place."

"It's very clean and nice," said Nelly, as she looked around her.

"Well, you know, in London, the higher one gets the better; and, though the stairs are rather high, I'm safe up a third story; and, since I have the landing to myself, for there's no one lives up here, and Dale, you know, is out all day, when one has to pay for every bit of room one uses."

"Yes," said the elder woman, with a sigh, as in strange contrast, there rose the picture of a cottage home, whose door opened upon the windy moor-hills, where no paver-reaching waves sent their music upward day and night, and the eyes were not fear-lens as here they were wearied they would.

"I think it must be so different to you," said Agnes, "coming from the country, as you have been."

Nelly shook her head.

"It's not a good deal," she said, "and I had to get used, after a time, I suppose, to be sure for her;" and she pointed to little Ida, who, true to instinct, had got close to the window to watch the tolsom, and was gazing up with parted lip and admiring eye at the blue firmament.

"Are you so fond of flowers, darling?" asked Agnes, softly. Wearied wistfulness was in her soft voice.

"Oh, yes," the child exclaimed, "it is so pretty."

"I've haven't seen any flowers this long, while, my dear," said Nelly, as the child, with delight at the opportunity, threw up the window, broke into fresh admiration.

"But don't have some now," said the kind-hearted mistress of the room, rising; and, in spite of all the entreaties of Nelly, that she would not rob herself, she broke off a full blossom from the tolsom, added to it a spray of geranium from the glass on the mantel-shelf, and gave them to Ida, whose sparkling eyes and eager hands told how she loved the gift.

The little stood from the chimney-corner was set on the hearth between the two women, and Ida seated herself for the time, apparently finding sufficient enjoyment in the mere contemplation of her treasure.

"And how do you get on now with the house? do you find it any easier?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, much better—much," replied Nelly; "it was so very kind of you to come and show me; for it was just that one thing made it difficult—and when that was mastered, the rest came easy."

"Oh, indeed, it is all easy," returned the younger; "and, when they say it is not again, I'll come round and show you how to manage the cramming, that pays better as well; there's no reason in the world why you should not get the very best work of all. Though, indeed, you can't have working at the place; but that you could not manage."

Nelly looked at Ida, and shook her head.

"No, indeed you couldn't," said Agnes; "I was sure I wouldn't presently get on."

"I am so slow," said Nelly, sadly; "it seems just settled to me how quick those girls are."

"Bless you, it's just use," said her friend; "why, by the time you've been six months at it you'll be as quick, and twice as clever. Oh! they wouldn't have told you a second time if you had not pleased them. I know what they are; they are too hard to be kind, and very nasty, and that practice was all you wanted. Never fear but you will do; and, though you may put poorly, it's better than needlework, and not half so bad for the eyes."

"I am thankful to have found anything at all to do," said Nelly; "it was a mercy. Two days since, and more than ever I could have hoped, a stranger set it me."

"You wouldn't mind, would you?" said Agnes, hesitating a little in her query. "You did tell me a good deal that evening, when you were so kind as to give me shelter at your place. I've thought of you ever since, and how you must you got to London. If you didn't mind telling me, I should like to hear it all over."

"I'm sure I oughn't to mind telling you anything, that have been so kind," said Nelly, "and, if it's any pleasure, I'll tell you all there is to tell."

But we'll have tea first, though," said her young entertainer, now rising and shaking off the little girl with a fond kiss.

Cheered by their kind entertainer's frank heartiness, the mother and child made a meal such as, to-day, they had hardly known. Tea was given to. The small room, too, with its open windows, its glimpse of sunshine and blue sky, the color of flowers, and perfect cleanliness, was a paradise after the dirty foul garret, that looked out upon the foster back yard, with its melancholy smells, and sights, and sounds, in the neighborhood of Gray's Inn Lane.

"I told you the other day," said Nelly to Agnes, after tea, "how kindly we were treated by the old lady at the great empty house; and though she did say what sounded harsh to me, it make no doubt she meant it for the best; it taught me a thing, and I mean to keep my mind I would say less about myself in the future. I can't tell you much me speak out as I did to you, when I had known you so short a time; but you was kind to Ida, and it seemed as if there was not a creature cared for us; it was a relief to speak to you."

"I am very, very glad you did," said Agnes, stroking the head of little Ida, which rested on her lap. Nelly went on:

"The young woman had told me that a cot would call at the house that evening, and the driver would be glad to give me a lift; so we left there quite comfortable and set-up with the end of an many days.

"The cart went on for as a market town: I forgot the name, but the man, when he put us down at the door of the inn where he stopped, told us if we went to the for end, we should find a quiet little place to get a night's lodging, kept by a widow woman that was related some way to him.

"It was quite late on in the night, and they were all a-bed in the house, and when I had knocked a good bit, and called, and kicked, began to think about going back into the town; for it was coming on to drizzle with a small rain, and I was sorely afraid for her.

"I had just made up my mind to turn back, and chance the cost of a bed at the bigger place after I heard a voice call, and a young woman at the house, flecked her sense was, made me take some account of me, and she did not let in, but that was not her fault—and just as I turned from the door, and was thinking of, would ask no dark she was close upon us before I saw her; and hearing me knocking, I suppose, began to call, and to know who I was, and what I wanted. I told her what I was seeking, and she asked me did I want a lodging?

"Of course I said yes, and she told me she could save us the trouble of going back into the town, for her own house where she was going, she never said she belonged to it, I noticed that afterwards—they let lodgings, she said; and it would be cheaper and a great deal more comfortable for us.

"Well, I never suspected anything wrong; I was very anxious to get my poor child out of the rain and cold; so I thanked the woman, and followed her at once.

"It was a miserable, wretched place, up a dark, narrow sort of street; and as she began to make out, the houses were old tumble-down looked, very much as the one we was going to.

"In the room we went through there was an old man sitting over the fire, and a dreadful fire it was, too, with red hair, pulling pipe in one corner.

"There was hardly a bit of furniture in the place, though there was a great blazing fire, and I longed for the light, for my child was weary before we went to bed; but it was all so dirty and wretched, and such queer folks, that I felt as if I dare to, and when the woman asked would I want any supper, I said no, we would go to bed at once.

"There was a pretty good bed in the room, that was big enough for half a dozen, for it went the length of the room, and I was glad to undress she in it but a big chest, and she I so dirty, it was dreadful to look at, the floor and all was filthy, and even to the bed-clothes.

"I was very comfortable some excuse, I quite forget what; but my dear one was so sleepy, that she was thinking of getting her to bed, and the woman said she would have a bed made up for me on the chest, and I was very glad of it. I felt lonely at all, I could fasten the door, and then she bade me good night.

"I did fasten the door, and I found it fast in the morning; but I was so tired that I could not have stopped too sound, for when I jumped up, all in a fright, some one was loud shaking at the door, the bundle was gone from my side—with everything that I had in it, only her bits of clothes, and my dear, good girl had washed and done up for me; and I was standing there in my petticoat, and with my shoes on my feet.

"And the money?" cried Agnes.

"Every penny of it, with the exception of the few shillings that the woman had given me for the change, the night before, and that I had kept pinned up in the corner of my shawl on the old basement when I made it fast. There stood the little basket of clothes as I'd put it, and the bundle and all in it was gone?"

"And the pretty boots?" put in the child, in an indignant tone, as sigh and a shake of her little head, as if recalling the circumstance to herself.

"I believe at the moment," Nelly continued, "I was more angry than I was sorry, and I'm afraid I did seem so cruel to have taken her poor things, and she little more of good than me, for I had not a store by. I believe I was the worst of the two about it. She was all for starting, and for what I got it into her head we should find it on the spot."

"Whatever did you do?"

"Why, my dear," Nelly went on, "it was so strange, the door had never been undone, it looked quite the boy's market place, for it was night before; and the woman had taken such pains to show me the fastening."

"Of courses," cried Agnes, "don't you see? they had only to wait for you to go to sleep, like the wicked wretches! and, of courses, this was to put you off your guard."

"Yes," said Nelly, with a sigh, and she continued: "I dressed all in a hurry and ran down stairs, and there nobody there was but the man I'd seen the night before, sitting exactly in the same way, for all you would say, and he never been to bed at all. I spoke to him, and cried to ask him if he remembered what had gone, but he was so deaf I might as wellhave spoken to the wall, and he only looked at me stupid-like, to make him hear, he looked up into range and with, and when I pointed to the room I'd come out of, he'll heave something at yo—he almost killed another, he did!"

"Then I told the boy about the bundle, but he only gave a horrid grin—he was a horrid boy, and his mother was out to work, and wouldn't be home till night; and I'd just to leave the house and go back to the station I?"

"Of course I did!" Agnes exclaimed.

Nelly sighed.

"It was no use—I saw that—to say anything more; I could not feel any one else at all in the house, and all would be out, and nothing left me to get away.

"There was a great heap of feathers in the corner where the boy had been picking the birds for market, and I thought I would look there for some pheasants' heads and necks lying about, just as proof to the police, and there was a dreadful pretty bird over them, and there was a bit sticking out of the feathers, and I was just a-lor with on them. He was stuffing them in the neck of a heavy sack I were I were quite again to be, and when we come down to go every bit was gone, and the boy was just putting a cover with sand.

"I noticed all that at the time, like, without seeing it, and it seemed to come back in my mind afterwards like a dream."

"Why didn't you go to the Justice's and make a piece of work?" asked Agnes; "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Ay, dear," said Nelly, "this was I, a stranger and a nobody, to do? Besides, I'd never left leave done, you see, to leave been hindered—may-be to lose my place, and not a penny to help us."

There was another reason for avoiding delay which Nelly had not named; for, warned by the judgments of Dame Tibbetts, she had not confided the whole of her strange history to her new acquaintance, but had consented herself with mentioning the death of her first husband, without even touching upon the existence of a second.

She continued:—"I did call at the house where I had been directed by the carrier, and the good woman said how sorry she was she had not heard me the night before, and how glad she would have been to make us comfortable.

She shook her head when I told her where we had slept, and when the less of the bundle; we weren't the first, she said, that had been robbed in the same way, from what I knew of; they were regular bad people; poachers and the like—and Ikes did not care to meddle with them.

She was very kind, and would make us have some breakfast, before we set forward again on our journey; but I was quite sick at the idea, the worse off than when we met with Mrs. Tibbetts, and, indeed, for a time I did not speak.

"I love often noticed," said Agnes, "that when I am most grieved, I am the calmest and, sudden, as if it made up for it."

"Ay, and the country, too, more than once has happened to us, I am sure," said Nelly; "and I think it was that which was the saving of us because of us, something right out of the way has turned up, quite mercifully and providentially.

"Just as this was. It was the third day after the boy had been stolen, and we had left the road, from village to village; and now and again, when I asked if I was on the right way, would ask to rest, and offer the child some milk, and bread and butter, and I would pay for it, and be very good people. But, oh, it did seem strange at me, I could not have thought myself so ill but for her."

Agnes shook her head as if she had known their feeling, and Nelly went on:

"I had thought that we should have done else, for the few pence I had I was obliged to keep for the journey, and we might very nearly be one; they were wretched places, but anything looking busy, I'm afraid was still shy of, for you, we had gossiping there two days—and being very tired, I was glad of the rest. I would have now and again, but she would keep up with me. poor child was quite worn out, and her little face was quite taken up with something she had picked up that morning, trotting along by my side, and I thought it was time we always does.

"You will say it was an odd thing, a fox's tail, quite a long brush, just like the new stick that I had seen in the hands of the boy at the inn.

"Poor dear, she was so pleased with her big feather, as she called it, that I hoped she would not be disappointed, and that I had not the one bit of friend the whole day, and a drop of tea was all we had had. What to do for the child or victual I could not know; I hadn't a half-penny left, among all those great shops and wards evening, while we were still out on a wild and desolate road, and very sorry we were forced to be seen.

"It began to think that we had indeed come to the worst, and I might as well look for some one to help us, when I saw a man and a boy coming.

"A loose or a cottage we had not seen for miles, and hardly a human creature. Also once a hand horses' feet, and kind of rumbling, and I looked up and saw two gentlemen, the one leading his horse, the other riding slowly beside them.

"They just turned to look curious like at us, but as I was a stranger, I did not like to appeal to them, and when he saw what she had in her hand.

"'Would she sell it to him?' he asked; and I said, among all those great shops as I had been fancied, and I told the gentleman, but he said he was not going to the town, but to buy it of her, and, as the child had given it up reluctantly enough, I was glad to sell it, and we would sell what hardly was our's—he pushed me something into my hand, and kissed her, and jumped on his horse; then he called out, 'It's just for a feather, my man!' and the other gentleman clapped him on the back, and they rode off laughing, and I looked at the money like in a dream; and when I looked in the dear child's hand, it was a sovereign piece!"

"Oh, what!" cried Agnes. "Whatever on earth could gentlemen want with such a thing?"

"What, indeed?" said Nelly.

"Well, and you got on with, with," observed Agnes.

"But think of a sovereign," returned Nelly. "Oh, gentlemen don't mind what they pay for their fancies, I suppose, for it was a great bitterness in her heart. "But please go on; how long did you stay?"

"Yes," Nelly pursued, stroking the little head nestling against her knee. "I was afraid to get cried out that it was a shilling; and it was a-lucky-penny to us, for I'm sure I don't you can't think what a blessing the sight of that piece was."

"Indeed I can," Agnes said, feelingly.

"I'm like to say that I was afraid to fast or could walk; but it was a good hour and a half more, before we got to the town. Such a place for shops I never saw before ever I had been in; and, with the noise and confusion, I was quite bewildered at first, and thought I'd first decent looking place to ask for a bed. But I was shown to the worst place in London, for all gave the come answer, that they were full; I was quite tired, but I was ever thankful for the last things set them against taking us—I was sent on to the next house, and so on.

"Oh! cruelties and hearse," philosophized her friend.

"We did get a place at last, and hungry as the each of us were, we were so worn and tired, I should hardly set them to the ground, and when I looked at the money in my hand, I was afraid the hurry I was in to get to London, she said there was markets cents going on, and that we should get a lift with some farmers miles on the road, so there was a chance.

"I had a little something at Dunsbelow to eat on the way, and with another bit from a good-natured woman at the door, I fancied the child trotting along, we slept that night at—I forget the name of the place, but I know we were glad I was when they told me it was but fourteen miles to go.

"You felt as if the worst was done when you got so far?"

"Yes—I had heard so much of London, and how work was always to be had in London, that I was encouraged—indeed sadly, and shook her head.

"I cannot tell you," Nelly went on, "how different it all seemed, the nearer we got to the end of our journey, and so much as a place for her to be had, secure, without paying for it; and where, in the cottages, the good women would ask me to wash my face and hands, and make the dear child clean and comfortable, there was not even where we slept the chance of a wash nor a brush without the money—oh, dear!"

"Yes," said Agnes, again slowly shaking her head; "nothing without money, and everything for it," she added, with a little sigh.

"I knew by this," Nelly continued, "that I should have the money I had lost out the more carefully, and we set out early to walk the rest of the way. And it was that time I got such a dreadful fright with losing the dear child."

"Lost her!" exclaimed her listener.

"It was as the latter part of the afternoon, the time when they were tiring, so many and straight; and coming to a piece of green common, I was glad to sit down under the side of a hillock, and rest a bit. Ida had dozed with her head in my lap, and after a bit, dozed me, spite of all myself, for I meant to be getting on.

"I don't know how long, but all at once I woke up in a sudden fright, and yes with no dear child and the child I couldn't see.

An exclamation burst from the lips of Agnes. She had looked forward in her anxiety at every moment.

"I was on my feet in a moment," Nelly went on. "I rushed to the top of the hillock; I looked all round, but could see nothing, only a donkey grazing a good way off on the common, the same."

"I cried out, I don't know what—I screamed —I felt I should go mad. I ran across to one farm-house a little distance off, and something higher than the first, and just as I reached it, a man came down from a clump of trees, pointed on to the donkey, and was off at full speed, and I after him, as far off, I spite, and then began to moving over the heath, that I could just make out to be more people and boys. I guessed in a moment they were gipsies, and that they had stolen my dear child.

"Oh, I can never tell you when I felt. I believe for another moment I should have gone distracted, for as I run down the hill to reach after the gipsies, my knees shook so that my breath stopped, when all at once I heard the dear girl's voice crying out to me, and saw her coming up towards me from among the trees.

"I can't think how I ever looked to her, and had her in my arms in a minute; oh, dear, it was quite getting back my life again.

"The first was, the poor thing had wandered away from my side, looking for flowers, and all at once coming in sight of the gipsies—they had a fire lighted behind the trees where they frightened, and had hid herself in the furze bushes till they had rode off.

"I was in such a trouble with the fright, that I could not set forward to walk again, so I got her in my arms, and carried her along, and the man gave us a lift, and very kindly, for he was going to a place where we had to come to the place they call Bromford, and he was going to the next place, and advised me to stay there all night, as it was a good step to walk, though for the child it was not much, and I was very glad to, manner of speaking.

"It was a good to hear that, and so thankful that the terrible flight had not been real, that I was quite ready to grumble at anything, and we made a hearty supper, and slept well, though I was up at a peep, as I was afraid of being very high indeed for it.

"The last end day we came into London. Oh, if I could have dreamed what a place it was, and how many more should be there to venture, and finally, as sight of the visitors, to whimper and murmur for a bit, and then be quite reconciled of its sights.

"Oh, London's vices, at its highest pitch, make itself heard above all.

"So, madam, you're a pretty article to get yourself into a disorderly house!" Nelly recollected, advancing into the room, and fixing her eyes upon the trembling girl with a look of severe rebuke. "Aren't you ashamed to look me in the face? a good-for-nothing, drinking hussy, to come a-spinning yourself off with your fair-speech, and then, quiet when you're asleep, respectable house like mine—aren't you ashamed, I say? A fine one you'll have that blessed child to your lap!" Nelly had started forward and had clasped little Ida in her arms as the words were well uttered. "You, indeed, that must have a child of one's own, forsooth!" the enraged female mimicked the words with a scornful affectation of gentility, "you, indeed, that a lot of room weren't good enough, and too good, for a house of respectable—why, you're not fit to—for I make no doubt she's blueprotest on you about the house, and you've been bringing this room of mine nigh on eight months this blessed week—she has been a regular child to me, and I'm sure she looks, and so great a—"

"Hush, oh, pray, pray," cried Agnes, interrupting her with tears; "do not say such dreadful things before the child, I beg."

"The child, indeed! I wonder you have the face to call the child in the face, or to speak either, which, ma'am, as I take it you're a respectable lady, and not a low creature, and such as is no better than she should be, not to be spoken to."

But I spare my pen the sallying of such hot gusts as her former speech had been. Agnes gave vent to; making the most soft word by the presence of the child she had taken to her, in a vivid imagination. Agnes grew while, and the more abusive she became, the more quiet she seemed to have lost the power of speech; so for Nelly, she stood aghast, and let the fury exhaust.

"You do not turn from me, dear Mrs. Frost-leave! when I had it all from the very best understood when I knew where she had been detained and the place where she lodged; and if my dear would be giving no warning! But you'll darken my door no more, I'm sure, and I'll not be answerable for what I may do or say, if I see you again!"

"Yes, Indeed," returned the other; "and it was the money, and not the child you wanted, you see, I had but about ten all the while something that I could have made money of, and this just set me thinking; and next day I took the child out as I had seen, to say three and keep safe through all, and I got some money in the same way—pledged, as they call it. I never could have made up my mind to part with that thing, you know, indeed, for she take, but I found out by this that I could get money for it, and yet not lose my ring; and, indeed, I was very thankful to do so.

"Whatever we should have done without, I don't know; for my dear child fell ill with the cough, and I had to nurse her, and get medicine, and for her a little cream and bed, all through.

"Many and many times have I thought of that accident that was the means of helping us."

"Why, how was that?" inquired Agnes, eager.

"It was not so pinched again," Nelly went on. "It was just when my darling was getting better, and was able to take her meals and sit about me again, that the woman where I lodged came to me, and asked her about work; and as for her teacher's in the City she had seen a bill for some one to come to a little room and bed, and advised me to try.

"So I went, and I found that one must know something before of the work, and I could never have got it, but the woman was very kind, and took the trouble to direct me to another place, that he said he knew wanted hands, and there I got work, and could live.

"And that was Peters's?"

"Yes, I was very glad to give work, but then they wanted me in the house, and that I could not do, for I had my child to look after, and never a poor hand of it, till I met you; and you know all about that."

"Yes, you," Agnes interrupted, kindly; "and I know you will do so still, dear Nelly."

She stopped short, for a loud voice broke upon their conversation, and, the door being flung open with a rude hand, Agnes beheld her husband, with equal surprise and displeasure, with flushing cheeks, with flushing eyes, and cap-strings streaming on the breeze, occasioned by the severe brisk evolutions.

Agnes rose. Agnes the old man began to utter incoherent complaints of the stairs, mingled with imprecations on the subject of Nelly, and finally, as sight of the visitors, he whimpered and muttered like a child who had been accused of its rights.

"Oh, my darling's voice, at its highest pitch, made

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A PEAN.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I cannot see the world is fair,
Nor drink the sunshine, breathe the air,
Nor live, and not make life a prayer.

A prayer of praise, a sweet "All Hail!"
To wander up through Mercy's gate,
A pean rather than a wail.

Resigning though their other bars,
For, for above earth's dreary jars,
Gaze down the royal God-poised stars.

I have learned such splendid sing,
I rise through yonder calm afar,
To voices my Father's measures are.

No phantasy of dazing deed,
No cramping chamber of a creed,
Can chain with calm my upward need.

I have my forehead to the sky,
And 100% full fountain fills on high,
Only to receive is ecstasy.

The sector of all vanished sprites,
This spring from her brimmed ocean flings,
Thrills with new life all living things.

I have a lover's kiss for you,
Each violet, crimsoned with balmy dew,
From sense-soft covert peering through.

I have no tear, no note forlorn,
For you, sweet lessons of the morn—
I'm glad this more that I was born.

Come in, soft sunshine of the room,
Serene soft sunshine, God's own ray—
To brighten all my upward way!

Down you hushed leaves stealing through,
God's freeing, healing as the dew,
Makes all my being tremble new.

THE DEATH OF LA SALLE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the year 1687 there landed upon the wild banks of the St. Lawrence a young Frenchman, who, impelled by a spirit of romantic enterprise, had exchanged the elegancies and refinements of the palaces and mansions he mingled in, in his native land, for the dangers, hardships and privations to be encountered in the wilderness of the New World.

That he might the better prepare himself for the adventurous life he had chosen, he had renounced a rich inheritance, and placed himself under the pious teachings and stern discipline of the "Holy Brotherhood of Jesus," a school that turned out so many zealous and self-sacrificing pioneers, whose footsteps may now, after the lapse of centuries, be traced all over the continent.

Where his little vessel first touched the shore, there soon arose the pickets of the rude cabins of the Fur Trader; and there, on this small beginning sprung that extensive commerce with the red men of the West that, in after years, became a source of wealth to the bold adventurers of New France.

From this little stockade started forth those romantic explorers and voyageurs, who first opened to the world the vast and wonderful inland seas and rivers, and the inestimable resources of the continent; and from this nucleus, sailed those noble missionaries of Christianity, who, entering fearlessly into the very heart of the savage tribes, with friendly presents in one hand and, in the other, the sacred word of God and their religion, prepared the way for that European civilization which so rapidly kindled over the land.

Robert Cavelier de la Salle was this youthful adventurer. He it was who first circumnavigated the shores of Lake Ontario, and established his canoe in the crystal waters of Lake Erie. His was the first European eye that gazed enraptured and awed upon the sublime spectacle of Niagara, and his was the honor to announce to the world the discovery of this wonderful cataract.

Returning to France with the respect of his adventures, he received at the hand of Louis Fourteenth, that "most magnificent of the Bourbon Kings," the rank of nobility, and the grant of Fort Frontenac and its jurisdiction—an extensive region, and the exclusive right with all the natives of the country. Hundreds of his own tyrannic accomplish him on his return, and with a thrilling and happy rapture settled along him. Fields were opened, and in a few months, where had blushed the primeval forests, rich, rustling harvests stood ready for the sickle. His hearth multiplied; like frightened deer roamed their cabins about the outskirts of his settlement; and the shadow of the Fire Noisme resorted to his post with their rich furs and articles. In short, the adventurer was on the high road to fame and a princely fortune.

But the restless spirit of La Salle would not permit him to remain among his people, whose vast indies and unexplored rivers in the West and South beckoned him to their bosoms. His imaginative mind been fired by the romantic stories told him by his brother explorer, the inventor of the discovery of the cross. Marquette, he had listened to the recitals of Joliet; and had read the voyages of Columbus, and the wild adventures of De Soto, the discoverer of the Mexican sea. His friendly Indians had also told him of a great and beautiful river in the South, which they named the Ohio, which flowed into the "Father of Waters," and on which the white man's keel had ever floated; and the young enthusiast, excited by visions of fabulous wealth and greatness which awaited this unexplored wilderness, determined upon penetrating to the spot, filling colonies along the magnificent streams, and opening a commerce with the native kings, which was to pour into the coffers of his government untold countless riches.

Impelled with this vast scheme for the aggrandizement of his country, La Salle once more returned to France, where he was granted a commission to prosecute the discoveries and the monopoly of the traffic in the furs of the country.

Accompanied by the veteran Tonti, with Father Hennepin and two other Franciscans, and a large force of mechanics and laborers, with every requisite for forming out a magnificent fleet of boats, the autumn of 1678 finds him in the upper Niagara, and in the vicinity of Buffalo Creek, collecting furs and preparing for the exploration of the great lakes and the valley of the Mississippi in the coming Spring. But much was to be done; and it was not till August 1679 that his fleet of "wooden canoes" raised their white sails to the breezes of Lake Erie.

With favoring winds, the boats reached the beautiful and inland-dotted Detroit; and there entered the shallow lake Saint Clair, to which he gave the name of St. Clair; and ranging the narrow straits always amid the tempting shores of Huron, they arrived safely at Mackinaw, where La Salle found, and established the first trading house upon those shores. Leaving here a little colony, and a trusty agent to open a commerce with the surrounding tribes, the voyageurs pushed on to Green Bay in Lake Michigan. Here the little fleet cast anchor, and La Salle despatched one of his vessels to Niagara River, loaded to the gunwales with a most valuable cargo of the choicest furs, while he himself, with a chosen crew, explored the head of the lake; and while awaiting the return of his vessel, he constructed at the mouth of the St. Joseph a trading house, surrounded with pal-

sades, which he called the Fort of the Miamies. But no tidings ever came of the richly-freighted craft. She doubtless went down amid the stormy waves of the treacherous Huron, carrying with her every soul on board.

Impoverished, and the unstinting explorer, with a portion of his followers, pushed on to the Illinois, and upon the banks of Peoria Lake, formed an alliance of friendship and trade with the natives, who welcomed them with joy, and offered to guide the adventurers to the mouth of the Great River, the course of which they described.

But the fate of the fur-laden bark, or because a certainty, and with it La Salle had lost nearly all he possessed of worldly goods, and clouds began to hang gloomily over him, for in the loss of his wealth, his discoveries must necessarily be delayed. His men also began to despond, and at length "fear and discontent pervaded his companyy." While thus brave, he resolved to return to the settlements, La Salle built a fort upon the banks of the Illinois, and, despairing name it Fort Crevecœur. "Yet here," says the historian, "the immense power of the will asserted itself. Dependent on himself, fifteen hundred miles from the nearest French settlement, impoverished, yet undaunted, surrounded by enemies in Quebec, and by the wilderness, surrounded by savages, in the months of March, with a musket and a pouch of powder and shot, he set out afoot for the province, and alone for moccasins, he, with three companions, set off on foot for Canada, resolving to trudge through thickets and forests, to wade through marshes and streams, to sleep on the ground, to journey the ridge of highlands which divide the basin of the Mississippi from the lakes—without fainting, or a rope water from the brooks—without food, except such as the forest might give, a little discarded from Fort Crevecœur. This was a high cliff, where he looped, in case of hostilities from the Indians, the doorway would be left open, and the fire would kill his enemy.

Soon after his absence, the men deserted; and being attacked by the treacherous Iroquois, the fort was set on fire by the savages, and they were forced to flee and seek the protection of the neighboring tribes.

When, therefore, having again navigated the Lakes of Michigan, he again reached the Illinois with large supplies of all necessary stores and goods, and with a reinforcement of men, he found all his plans again thwarted and delayed by the treacherous absence of his people. But another year was spent at Green Bay, in trading with the Indians, building vessels, repairing them, and building another brigantine; and finally this formidable squadron, in the Spring of 1681, proceeded in reaching the waters of the Mississippi, and with which he descended the river with joy upon the salt marsh at the mouth of the mighty stream, the grand and open the coveted waves of the Gulf of Mexico. Neither does there exist a record of the glowing thoughts that must have burned in this bosom, as he gazed upon the sea his many toils and painful journeyings.

The Mississippi presented the magnificent resources of the country. As he floated down the flood, he gazed upon the rich alluvial lands of new bluff; as he raised the cross by the Arkansas; as he planted the arms of France on the shores of Mexico; he anticipated the future affluence of empire, and as the dusky forms of the red children of the aboriginal multitudes, that were hurrying to their graves, met his eager gaze.

Having accomplished this important voyage, and returned to the Illinois, La Salle found his colonies encroached for his native France. Leaving them at Fort Miami, in 1684, he left Rochelle, with four vessels, and a large party of emigrants, to take possession of the fertile valley he had explored. His brother, Chevalier de Marais, who had been a brother and two nephews, the latter were young men, accompanied the expedition to Monsieur.

Unfortunately, the naval commander of the expedition, is represented as being "deficient in judgment, and incapable of acquiring without a dissension between of La Salle, envious, self-willed, and nothing could please him.

This man stubbornly thwarted all the plans and wishes of the enterprising leader, and, as a course, a quarrel soon put the two leaders at open war with each other. The commander of La Salle, disaster followed the ships, from the moment that the sight of the Gulf was lost.

At length, however, the fleet arrived at St. Domingo, where the commander purposely delayed that La Salle and his colonists might lose his coming misfortunes. On the first of January, 1685, the expedition embarked, and on the 20th touch of the mouth were now the mouth of the Mississippi. But the obstinate captain refused to steer for it, asserting that it was still to the westward; and in vain the men of science urged that at last they entered the Bay of Matagorda, upon the coast of Texas.

Now convinced of his error, the self-willed and headstrong captain proceeded to retrace his voyages to the mouth of the river; but La Salle, fearful of shipwreck, urged him to attempt to find an entrance to the Mississippi through this bay, declaring it impracticable.

While providing for the comfort of the emigrants on shore, the vessel was wrecked, and the first sailed away, leaving him in utter despair upon this inhospitable shore, with over two hundred terror-stricken men, many of them women and children; and to add to the horrors of their situation, they were attacked by the Indians, and plundered of the little stores they had rescued from the wreck.

All now depended upon the giant energy of their heroic leader; and by his current upwards, they endeavored to repair the evils that had befallen them. Gathering from the beach the fragments of the broken wreck, they were inclined to erect a temporary palisade, as a protection from the savages; and after a few days, courage and hope being restored, he moved further up the bay, and commenced a more permanent shelter, which he called Fort St. Louis, in honor of the French monarch, under whose auspices the colony had embarked.

From this point excursions were started in search of the desired river. They found a singularly luxuriant and productive country, covered with wide herds of buffaloes and deer, and water abounding in shell and other fish, and swarming with wild fowl.

Satisfied that his people could defend themselves against the Indians, while there was no fear of a scarcity of food, La Salle now proposed to leave them in search for the Mississippi, the success obtained from the savages.

But after an absence of several months, and unseen through the tall grass, anticipated him by firing first.

The final bullet sped to the heart of the heroic discoverer—his earthly wanderings were ended.

Despoiling his body of the few valuables La Salle had retained, the murderers left it there upon the banks of the silent stream, to be devoured by the wild beasts, or faster in the humid atmosphere, while they rejoined their fellow-conspirators and openly boasted of their bloody work.

Soon they quarreled among themselves about the division of the plunder taken from La Salle and his faithful adherents, and the two murderers shared the same fate as their leader and his nephew.

Finally, after much suffering, and the dispersion of the remaining emigrants, but three of the party of sixteen ever reached the outposts of the French settlements, and among these was Caroline, the last surviving relative of the man who accompanied the explorer on his first voyage.

Such was the end of one of the ablest of those bold and adventurous men of the New World; and History will ever point to him as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. No monument has ever been erected to the memory of the gallant La Salle; but the whole valley of the Mississippi is his monument, and the mighty commerce that flows upon its bosom, is the richest tribute to his memory.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us for publication in the Ledger. We make this statement here, that we may not be charged with the supposed waste of time to be occasioned by the answers which we give to Questions which are not of public interest. Correspondents will please to bear this in mind, and address us only on matters of general importance.]

DR. JOE Inquires whether "an American Minister, upon presenting his credentials at a foreign Court, (Caption for instance—kneels before the Queen and kisses her hand?" Certainly not; no one but a subject kneels to the sovereign. As American minister, at the present time, Lawrence Kellett is merely accredited as envoy to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is presented by him to the sovereign at a private audience, at which audience he delivers his letter of credence from the President of the United States, and makes a brief address and reply to speech. If the American Minister is presented with the sovereign at a public audience, he is then presented by the Queen's Minister of Foreign Affairs, at which the Minister is invested with the full rights and privileges of his office. This is usual at the Court of Spain, and on other occasions, and the ceremonial is brief and very informal. Mr. Soulé presented upon Kneeler, in which case he would not, as Joe also thinks, was instituted by the Assembly of Representatives in the Province of Canada, to black books of a revolutionary Hampden government to be imported to London.——Dr. Joe Still Inquires whether we do not "consider Lord Palmerston one of the greatest statesmen living, if, indeed, he is not the first of such, he has to attend to?" We answer that we consider Lord Palmerston a very able statesman, and certainly far a man of his age, (73) but of any age. The amount of work which he does is truly astonishing. The fact is, he would be sorry to be relieved from the responsibilities and duties with which he directs his Government, while he takes the lion's share in proper or system on his own part. In answer to the further question of Dr. Joe about Lord Palmerston's estimate that he became Prime Minister in February, 1855, but his commencement of his office was not as one of other person in this century, except Lord Liverpool. He remained premier, but, if, indeed, he was not the efficient under all administration, for the greater part of the time, the controlling mind of the Cabinet.——Dr. Joe Still Inquires

P. B. R. writes, "I have usually found that there is a great deficiency in the Arithmetical Tables, and that many serious facts are omitted. Why is this?" Because they are unnecessary for the purposes for which they were designed. Most, however, are superior why the Jews, on their dispersal, did not settle in the West Indies, as they have done in almost every other island. If there is any particular reason for this fact, it has escaped the attention of our readers. If so, the correspondent is right in saying that "many serious facts are omitted." Such omissions are unpardonable, and "unworthy trifling" and there is a reason even for the discontinuance of the Ledger. The Jews did not settle in the West Indies because they were driven from Spain and Portugal, and the city of Mongolia, and most gallant leagues of the still more unconquerable Moors, who had established themselves in the empire of Mexico, driven from their long familiarity with the Egyptian and Arabian Jews, and their intercourse during many centuries of bondage, naturally exercised to that custom on becoming settled and identified with the religious principles through Moses.

Mrs. ——. The correspondent says there is a dispute in his office as to what constitutes "typographical errors," and he therefore requests us to define them. Whether a mistake, or misspelling, or anything which is incorrectly printed, constitutes a typographical error. We are willing to aid according to our own, even if mistakes do occur, but we cannot be responsible for the errors of the printer to follow the copy. Your lessons is right. All mistakes which appear in the Ledger are typographical errors, and are corrected by the "proof reading," and by that is meant the act of printing correctly, and never to this art is therefore to commit typographical error.

Another confesses that she has given a young man reason to believe she would some day be his wife, without ever really promising it; but now she has come to the conclusion that she does not love him, and has placed her affections upon another, and asks what she is to do in this very happy house." She wishes to know whether she is bound by the recklessness of the latter, and the fact of a coincidence, or marry the former when her heart belongs to the latter. Certainly not. She is not bound to anything more than the affections of the latter, as the allusion to the "many happy hours" would seem to indicate, and if she does not love the former she is guilty of crime, and into the consequences.

Thomas.——The original boat was an ordinary dugout, made of tree, and shaped similar to the boat in question. It was made so that the sides sprung out from each other, and in the interior were fixed sharp iron spikes. The Indians, when they wished to capture a brought up, and by means of a snare tightened until the sides met the flesh, thus inflicting mortal wounds upon the unfortunate victim. In some instruments the spikes were sometimes poisoned, but this was resorted up tightly to the fact, the victim was compelled to wear the boat around his neck at a time, experiencing a horror with those who are addicted to wearing tight boots, can readily imagine.

Scholastic.——Every person must determine for himself or herself what is the best course to be studied. In some professions a knowledge of Latin is necessary, and in some colleges, Webster's is recognized as the standard. We do not think the Chinese is given in Webster's. There is no distinction theretic by pronouncing upon their respective merits, and giving one pre-eminence over the other; but as both are recognized by the best authors as being correct, every one is at liberty to choose for himself which one he will follow; and whichever he adopts will be his standard.

Inquirers.——You have no reason to be ashamed of your inquisitiveness. Curiosity is one of the signs of a good mind. There is no more infallible mark of stupidity than an indifference to all that usually interests mankind. Don't Care is a very bad dog.

Eos asks our advice under very peculiar circumstances. She says that when she was thirteen years of age, (she is now eighteen,) her parents, and those of a young man in the neighborhood, agreed to an engagement of marriage between their respective children, to take place when the young people would be of sufficient age. She had never seen the young man until about three months ago, when he already deeply in love with him, but, unfortunately, he seems to dislike her. The marriage is to take place in a few months, and she not whether to marry a man who does not return her love or not, and wishes to know what course to pursue. We think that a young man of spirit and honor and independence will never consent to a marriage with a lady whom he does not love, even at the decision of his parents. It notwithstanding his want of effective, he still loves her, and can be brought into it, but her hidden appeal to his pecuniary feeling from the circumstances; and if he does not love her, and is willing to marry a fortune for the engagement. If this is the case, then "take him for the remuneration" and break it to yourself, although you may love the young man, you would probably be unhappy with him if he does not return your affections.

Grammar.——Upon philological questions, not definitely settled, we state all the ascertained points, a person must form his own opinion. Some think the Hebrew, and others the Chaldaic and language to be the best claim to the greatest antiquity, while more learned philologists think that man, in his primitive state, had no tongue, and consequently needed no language in which to express them. They say that the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages are simple articulate sounds, and gradually progressed with the progress of civilization, have adapted to different nations, and modified by local circumstances, until the present diversity of tongues has been produced. And to prove their theory, they point to the fact that there never has been about equal claims to the greatest antiquity, and those who about three thousand different languages now spoken, including those used by the different Indian tribes and the islanders of the Pacific.

Canada complains that he has a hard master, who does not allow him the share of his half-past meal to which he and then requires him to be on hand at six in the morning. He thinks this is an unreasonable hour until after eight. It strikes us that you are rather lazy, and deserve to be kicked. Any employer until you can appreciate the worth of civilization, and learn to be industrious, and work hard for your employer's interest. You will find it to your interest to be punctual, and to be at your post in the morning before the business men commence; it will not harm you to be there at the close of six in the morning, and if you are willing to do, take some useful book and read it during the leisure moments before the hour arrives. And to read the amount of valuable information you will have acquired.

E. W. B. asks, "Did the Israelites pass through the Red Sea or go on the bed of the sea?" We think each and follow the shores of the sea to the fastness of them, then crossed over on the bed of the sea, when the waters divided."——We think a few moments' reflection would have shown you that the latter was the only way in which they could have crossed.

Ella.——The writer of the letter to which you refer, handed sweet note into the midst of the sea upon the dry bed of the sea, which is somewhat in advance of the age, and we think that they passed over. They could not, however, with horses that, in the confusion of the moment, they would have deafened them, and they must have passed over on the bed of the sea, for the other path of the waters have been drowned with the Egyptians.

Mary.——The age of consent is twelve years, and how fallen in love with a township with whom I am conversant, and who is the happy female? Is the gentleman of whom he has an accepted lover, and I have delayed responding to your communication, in the hope that you would call and see me, but as you have not done so, I will write a few lines for your consideration. Upon receipt of this letter, if your choice I should propose." Upon receipt of this letter, if your choice I should propose." Upon receipt of this letter, if your choice I should propose."